THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

WAITING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY EDWIN R. MARTIN.

Cold in the dust this perished heart may lie,
But that which warm'd it once shall never die.
—*Campbell.*

At the west windows of my life
I stand and lift my longing eyes,
To where beyond death's turbid stream
The isles of Life Immortal rise;
I hear the beat of muffled waves,
They break upon the rocky shore,—
A wild and stormy stream is death,
And they who cross return no more.

And soon I know my feet will tread
The gloomy way which lies between,
A path down through the shadowed vale,
And then the passing of the stream;
Yet terror does not bid me stay,
For I would seek with glad delight
That land of pleasures dimly seen,
Bathed in a flood of radiant light.

My treasures have been gathered there,
More precious than this world can show,
Friends who grew weary of this life,
And left me in "the long ago;"
They crossed the stream, then pearly gates
Were oped and softly shut them in,
While to my watching eyes their forms
The distance veiled in shadows dim.

At the west windows of my life
Still lonely and alone I stand,
And wait until the message comes
To hasten to that distant land:
My hours like golden shadows fall,
Sweet dreams of beauty round my way,
Yet when the last shall darken here
'Twill brighten there in endless day.

Bethany, Mo.

THE WAR IN TENNESSEE—FIRST LANDING OF THE U. S. TROOPS IN TENNESSEE, FEB. 4, ON THE BANKS OF THE TENNESSEE RIVER, A FEW MILES FROM FORT HENRY.

Sketched by H. Lovie, from the Hurricane Deck of the Transport Steamer the New Uncle Sam.

As a matter of historical interest, we give from "*Frank Leslie*" a picture of the first landing of the U. S. troops on the "sacred soil" of Tennessee. Gen. Grant's division disembarked on the 4th of February, a few miles below Fort Henry, while Commodore Foote with his flotilla of gunboats steamed past Panther Island, to the very ramparts of the enemy. Nothing could exceed the manner in which the troops were landed; it was admirable in every respect, and reflected the greatest credit on the officers. The only anxiety was lest they might not be in time to assist in the storming of the stronghold—a wish they were not gratified in, as the Commodore finished the work too soon.

A LIFE'S SECRET.

BY MRS. WOOD,
Author of "The Earl's Daughters," "The Mystery," "East Lynne," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XL

AGITATION.

The men of an influential metropolitan building firm had struck, because their employers had declined to accede to certain demands, and Daffodil's Delight was, as you have seen, in the seventh heaven of congratulation, particularly the female part of it, anticipating roast goose for dinner, and a crinoline apiece. The men said they struck for a diminution in the hours of labor; the masters told them they struck for an increase of wages. Seeing that the non-contents wanted the hours reduced and *not* the pay, it appears to me that you may call it which you like.

The Messrs. Hunter's men—with whom we have to do, for it was they who chiefly filled Daffodil's Delight—though continuing their work as usual, were in a most unsettled state: as was the case in the trade generally. The under-current of discontent was growing higher. It might have died away peacefully enough, but that certain spirits made it their business to fan it into a flame.

One evening, a few days further on, Sam Shuck posted himself in an angle formed by the wall at the top of Daffodil's Delight. It was the hour for the men to quit work; and, as they severally passed him on their road home, Sam's arm was thrust forward, and a folded bit of paper put into their hands—a mysterious sort of missive, apparently; for, on opening the paper, it was found to contain only these words, in the long, sprawling hand of Sam himself: "Barn at the back of Jim Dunn's. Seven o'clock."

Behind the house tenanted by the Dunns, were premises occupied until recently by a cow-keeper. They comprised, amidst other accommodation, a large barn or shed. Being at present empty, and to let, Sam thought he could not do better than take French leave to make use of it.

The men hurried over their tea or supper, (some took one on leaving work for the night, some the other, some a mixture of both, and some neither,) that they might attend to the invitation of Sam. Peter Quale was seated over a substantial dish of batter pudding, a bit of neck of mutton baked in the midst of it, when he was interrupted by the entrance of John Baxendale, who had stepped in from his own rooms next door.

"Be you a-going to this meeting, Quale?" he asked, as he took a seat.

"I don't know nothing about it," returned Peter. "I saw Slippery Sam a-giving out papers, so I gussed there was something in the wind. He took care to pass over me; I expect I'm the greatest eyesore Sam has got just now. Have a bit?" added Peter, unceremoniously, pointing to the dish before him with his knife.

"No, thank ye: I have just had tea at home. That's the paper"—laying it open on the table-cloth. "Sam Shuck is just now cock-a-hoop with this strike."

"He is no more cock-a-hoop than the rest of Daffodil's Delight is," struck in Mrs. Quale, who had finished her own meal, and was at leisure to talk. "The men and women is all a-going mad together, I think, and Slippery Sam's leading 'em. Suppose you all do strike—which is what they're hankering after—what good'll it bring?"

"That's just it," replied Baxendale. "One can't see one's way clear. The agitation might do us some good, but it might do us a deal of harm. Quale, I'll go to the meeting, if you will."

"If I go, it will be to give 'em a piece of my mind," retorted Peter.

"Well, it's only right that different sides should be heard. Sam'll have it all his own way, else."

"He'll manage to get that, by the appearance things wears," said Mrs. Quale, wrathfully. "How you men can submit to be led by such a fellow as him, just because his tongue's capable of persuading you that black's white, is a marvel to me. Talk of women being soft! let the men talk of themselves. Hold up a finger to 'em, and they'll go after it: like the Swiss cows Peter read of the other day, a-flocking docilely in a line after their leader, behind each other's tails."

"I wish I knew what was right," said Baxendale. "Or which course would turn out best for us."

The barn filled. Sam Shuck, perched upon Mrs. Dunn's washing-tub turned upside-down, which had been rolled in for the occasion, greeted each group as it arrived with a gracious nod. Sam appeared to be progressing in the benefits he had boasted to his wife he was to derive, inasmuch as that the dilapidated clothes had been discarded for better ones: and he stood on the tub's end in all the glory of a black coat, a crimson necktie with lace ends, and peg-top pantaloons: the only attire (as a ready-made outfitting shop had assured him) which a gentleman could wear. Sam's eye grew less complaisant when it rested on Peter Quale, who was coming in with John Baxendale.

"This is a pleasure we didn't expect," said he.

"May be not," returned Peter Quale, dryly. "The barn's open to all."

"Of course it is," glibly said Sam, putting a good face upon the matter. "All fair and above board, is our motto: which is more than them native cpemies of ours, the masters, can say: they hold their meetings in secret, with closed doors."

"Not in secret—do they?" asked Robert Darby. "I have not heard of that."

"They meet in their own homes, and they shut out strangers," replied Sam. "I'd like to know what you call that but meeting in secret?"

"I should not call it secret; I should call it private. We might do the same. Our homes are ours, and we can shut out who we please."

"Of course we *might*," contented Sam. "But we like better to be open; and if a few of us assemble together to consult on the present aspect of affairs, we do it so that the masters, if they choose, might come and hear us. Things are not equalized in this world. Let us attempt secret meetings, and see how soon we should be looked up by the law, and accused of hatching treason, and sedition, and all the rest of it. That sharp-eyed 'Times' newspaper would be the first to set on us. There's one law for the masters, and another for the men."

"Is that Slippery Sam?" ejaculated a new comer, at this juncture. "Where *did* you get that fine new toggery, Shuck?"

The irreverent interruption was spoken in simple surprise: no insidious meaning prompting it. Sam Shuck had appeared in ragged attire so long, that the change could not fail to be remarkable. Sam loftily turned a deaf ear to the remark, and continued—

"I am sure most of you can't fail to see that things have come to a crisis with our trade. And, the moment that brought it, was when that great building firm refused the reasonable demands of their men, and the consequence was a strike. Friends, I have been just *riled* ever since. I haved watched you go to work day after day like tame cats, the same as if nothing had happened: and I have said to myself: 'Have those men of Hunters' got souls within them, or have they got none?'"

"I don't suppose we have parted from our souls," struck in a voice.

"You have parted with the feelings of them, at any rate," rejoined Sam, beginning to dance, but remembering in time that his *terra firma* was only a creaky tub. "What's that you ask me? How have you parted with them? Why, by not following up the strike. If you possessed a grain of the independence of free men you'd have struck your colors before now: and other firms in the trade would have struck afterwards. It's the only way that will bring the masters to reason: the only way by which we can hope to obtain our rights."

"You see, there's no knowing what would be the end of a strike, Shuck," argued John Baxendale.

"There's no knowing what may be in the inside of a pie till you cut him open," returned Jim Dunn. "But tain't many as 'ud shrink from putting in the knife to see."

The room laughed, and greeted Jim Dunn with applause.

"I put it to you all," resumed Sam, who took his share of laughing with the rest, "whether there's sense, or not, in what I say. Are we likely to get our grievances redressed by the masters, unless we force it? Never; not if we prayed our hearts out."

"Never," and "never," murmured sundry voices.

"What *are* our grievances?" demanded Peter Quale, putting the question in a matter-of-fact tone, as if he really asked for information.

"Listen!" ejaculated Sam. "He asks what our grievances are! They are many and great. Are we not kept to work like beasts of burden, ten hours a day? Does that leave us time for the recreation of our wearied bodies, for the improvement of our minds, for the education of our children, for the social home intercourse in the bosoms of our families? By docking the day's labor to nine hours—or to eight, which we shall get, may be, after awhile—it would leave us the extra hour, and be a blessing."

Sam carried the admiring room with him. That hard, disbelieving Peter Quale, interrupted the cheering.

"A blessing, or the contrary, as it might turn out," cried he. "It's easy to talk of education and self-improvement, but how many is there as would use the accorded hour that way?"

"Another grievance is our wages," resumed Sam, drowning the words. "We call ourselves men, and Englishmen, and yet we lie down contented with five-and-sixpence a day. Do you know what our trade gets in Australia? Oh, you do, some of you? then I'll tell those that don't. From twelve to fifteen shillings per day: and even more than that. *Twelve shillings!* and that's the minimum rate of pay," slowly repeated Sam, lifting up his arm and one peg-top to give emphasis to the words.

A murmur of envy at the coveted rate of pay in Australia shook the room to the centre.

"But the price of provisions and other necessaries is enormous in that quarter," debated Abel White. "So it may come to the same in the end—be about as broad as long; I have heard what is sometimes given for shoes there; but I'm afraid to say, it was so much. The wages, out there, can't be any guide for us."

"No, they can't," said Peter Quale. "Australia is one place, and this is another. Where's the use of bringing up that?"

"Oh, of course not," sarcastically uttered Sam. "Anything that tends to show how we are put upon, and how we might be made more comfortable, it's of no use bringing up. The long and the short of it is this: we want to be regarded as men; to have our voices considered, and our plaints attended to; to be put altogether upon a better footing. Little enough is it we ask at present; only for a modicum of ease in our day's hard labor, just the thin end of the wedge inserted to rise the weight. That's all we are agitating for. It depends upon us whether we get it or not; display manly courage and join the strike, and it is ours to-morrow."

The response did not come so quickly as Sam deemed it ought. He went on in a persuasive, ringing tone.

"Consider the wives of your bosoms; consider your little children; consider yourselves. Were you born into the world to be slaves—blackamoors; ground into the dust with toil? Never."

"Never," uproariously echoed three parts of the room.

"The mottor of a true man is, or ought to be, 'do as little as you can, and get as much for it,'" danced Sam, in his enthusiasm, thereby nearly losing his perch on the tub. "With an hour's work less a day, and the afternoon holiday on the Saturday, we shall—"

"What's the good of a afternoon Saturday holiday? We don't want that, Sam Shuck."

This ignominious interruption to the proceedings came from a lady. Buzzing round the entrance door and thrusting in their heads at a square hole, which might originally have been intended for a window, were a dozen or two of the gentler sex. This irregularity had not been unobserved by the chairman, who faced them; the chairman's audience, densely packed, had their backs that way. It was not an orthodox adjunct to a trade meeting, that was certain, and the chairman would probably have ordered the ladies away, had he deemed there was a chance of his getting obeyed; but too many of them had the reputation of being the gray mares. So he winked at the irregularity, and added one or two flourishes of oratory for their especial ears. The interuption came from Mrs. Cheek, Timothy Cheek's wife.

"What's the good of a afternoon Saturday holiday? We don't want that, Sam Shuck. Just when we be up to our eyes in muck and cleaning, our places routed out till you can't see the color of the boards, for brooms, and pails, and soap and water, and the chairs and things is all topsy-turvy, one upon another, so as the children have to be sent out to grub in the gutter, for there ain't no place for 'em indoors, do you think we want the men poking their noses in? No; and they'd better not try it on; we should wish 'em at Jericho, and perhaps send 'em there. Women have got tempers given to 'em as well as you."

"And tongues too," rejoined Sam, unmindful of the dignity of his office.

"It is to be hoped they have," retorted Mrs. Cheek, not inclined to be put down; and her sentiments appeared to be warmly joined in by the ladies generally. "Don't you men agitate for the Saturday's half-holiday. What 'ud you do with it? just set it away at the publics."

Some confusion ensued; and the gentler sex were peremptorily ordered to mind their own business, and "make theirselves scarce." When the commotion had subsided, a very respectable man took up the discourse—George Stevens.

"The gist of the whole question is this," he said: "Will agitation do us good, or will it do us harm? We look upon ourselves as representing one interest; the masters consider they represent another. If it comes to open warfare between the two, the strongest would win."

"In other words, whichever side's funds held out the longest," said Robert Darby. "That is as I look upon it."

"Just so," returned Stevens. "I cannot say, seeing no farther than we can see at present, that a strike would be advisable."

"Stevens, do you want to better yourself, or not?" asked Sam Shuck.

"I'd be glad enough to better myself, if I saw my way clear to do it," was the reply. "But I don't."

"We don't want no strikes," struck in a shockheaded, hard-working man. "What is it we want to strike for? We have got plenty of work, and full wages. A strike won't fill our pockets. Them may vote for strikes that like 'em; I'll keep to my work."

Partial applause.

"It is as I said," cried Sam. "There's poor, mean spirited creatures among you, as won't risk the loss of a day's pay for the common good, or put out a hand to help the less fortunate. I'd rather be buried alive, five feet under the earth, than I'd show out so selfish."

"What is the interest of one of us, is the interest of all," returned Stevens. "And a strike, if we went into it, would either benefit us all, or make us all suffer. It is sheer nonsense to attempt to make out that one man's interests are different from another's; our interests are the same. I'd vote for striking to-morrow, if I were sure we should come out of it with whole skins, and get what we struck for; but I must see that a bit clearer first."

"How can we get it, unless we try for it?" demanded Sam. "If the masters find we are all determined, they'll give in to us. I appeal to you all"—raising his hands over the room—"whether the masters can do without us?"

"That has got to be seen," said Peter Quale significantly. "One thing is obvious: we could not do without them."

"Nor they without us—nor they without us," struck in several voices.

"Then why shilly-shally about the question of a strike?" asked Sam, in a glib tone of reason. "If a universal strike were on, the masters would pretty soon make terms that would end it. Why, a six months' strike would drive half of them into the Gazette."

"But it might drive us into the workhouse at the same time," interrupted John Baxendale.

"Let me finish," went on Sam; "it's not polite to take up a man in the middle of a sentence. I say that a six months' strike would send many of the masters to the bankruptcy court. There has been a question debated among us"—Sam lowered his voice—"whether it would not be policy to let things go on quietly, as they are, till next spring—"

"A question among who?" interposed Peter Quale, regardless of the reproof just administered to John Baxendale.

"Never you mind who," returned Sam, with a wink: "among those that are hard at work for your interest. With their contracts for the season signed, and their works in full progress, say about next May, then wou'd be the time for a strike to tell upon the masters. However, it has been thought better not to delay it; the future's but an uncertainty: the present is ours, and so must the strike be. *Have* you wives?" he pathetically continued; "*have* you children? *have* you spirits of your own? Then you will all, with one accord, go in for the strike."

"But what are our wives and children to do while the strike is on?" asked Robert Darby. "You say yourself it might last six months, Shuck. Who would support them?"

"Who?" rejoined Sam, with an indignant air, as if the question were a superfluous one. "Why, the Trades' Union, of course. *That's* all settled. The Union are prepared to take care of all who are out on a strike, standing up, like brave Britons, for their privileges, and keep 'em like fighting-cocks. Hoorar for that blessed boon, the Trades' Unions!"

"Hoorar for the Trades' Unions!" was shouted in chorus. "Keep us like fighting-cocks, will they? Hoorar!"

"A murrain light upon the Trades' Unions!" burst forth a dissenting voice. "They are the greatest peste as ever was allowed in a free country."

The opposition caused no little commotion. Standing by the door, having pushed his way through the surrounding women, who had *not* made themselves "scarce," was a man in a flannel jacket, with a cap in his hand, and his head white with mortar. He was looking as excited as he spoke.

"This is not regular," spoke Sam Shuck, with authority. "You have no business here: you don't belong to us."

"Regular or irregular, I'll speak my mind," was the answer. "I have been at work for Jones the builder, down yonder. I have done my work steady and proper, and I have had my pay. A man comes up to me yesterday and says, 'You must join the Trades' Union.' 'No,' says I, 'I shan't. I don't want nothing of the Trades' Union, and the Union don't want nothing of me.' So they goes to my master. 'If you keep on employing this man, your other men will strike,' they says to him; and he, being in a small way, got intimidated, and sent me off to-day. And here I am, throwed out of work, and I have got a sick wife and nine young children to keep. Is that justice? or is it tyranny? Talk about emancipating the slaves! let us emancipate ourselves at home."

"Why don't you join the Union?" cried Sam. "All do, who are good and true."

"All good men and true *don'ts*," returned the man. "Many of the best workmen among us won't have anything to do with Unions; and you know it. But if I would, I can't. To join it, I must pay five shillings, and I have not got them to pay. With such a family as mine, you may guess every shilling is forestalled afore it comes in. I kept myself to myself, doing my work in quiet, and interfering with nobody. Why should they interfere with me?"

"If you have been in full work, five shillings is not much to pay to the Union," sneered Sam.

"If I had my pockets filled with five-shilling pieces, I would not pay one to it," fearlessly retorted the man. "Is it right that a free-born Englishman should give in to such a system of intimidation? No: I never will. You talk of the masters being tyrants; it's you who are the tyrants, one to another. What is one workmen better than his fellow, that he should lay down laws and say, you shall do this, and you shall do that, or you shan't be allowed to work? I can tell you what"—turning his eyes on the room—"the Trades' Unions have been called a protection to the working man; but, if you don't take care, they'll grow into a curse. When Sam Shuck, and other good-for-naughts like him, what never did a full week's work for their families yet, are paid in gold and silver to spread incendiarism among you, it's time you looked to yourselves."

He turned away as he spoke; and Sam, in a dance of furious passion, danced off his tub. The interlude had not tended to increase the feeling of the men in Sam's favor—that is, in the cause he advocated. Indiscriminate talking ensued; diverse opinions were disputed; and the men dispersed as they came, nothing having been resolved upon. A few set their faces resolutely against the proposed strike; a few were red hot for it; but the majority were undecided, and liable to be swayed either way.

"It will come," nodded Sam Shuck, as he went home to a supper of pork chops and gin-and-water.

But Sam was destined to be—as he would have expressed it—circumvented. It cannot be supposed that this unsatisfactory state of things was unnoticed by the masters; and they took their measures accordingly. Forming themselves into an association, they discussed the measures best to be adopted, and determined upon a lock-out; that is, to close their yards until the firm whose workmen had struck should resume work; they also resolved to employ only those men who would sign an agreement, or memorandum, affirming that they were not connected with any society which interfered with the arrangements of the master whose service they entered, or with the hours of labor, and acknowledging the rights both of masters and men to enter into any trade arrangements on which they might mutually agree. This paper of agreement was not relished by the men at all; they styled it "the odious document." Neither was the lock-out relished; it was of course equivalent, in one sense, to a strike; only that the executive had come from the masters' side, and not from theirs. It commenced early in August. Some of the masters closed their works without a word of explanation to their men; in one sense it was not needed, for they knew of the measure beforehand. Mr. Hunter chose to assemble them together, and state what he was about to do. Somewhat of his old energy appeared to have been restored to him for the moment, as he stood before them and spoke—Austin Clay by his side.

"You have brought it upon yourselves," he said, in answer to a remark from one who boldly, but respectfully asked, whether it was fair to resort to a lock-out, and so punish all alike, contents and non contents. "I will meet the question upon your own grounds. When the Messrs. Trollopes' men struck because their demands, to work nine hours a day, were not acceded to, was it not in contemplation that you should join them—that the strike should be universal? Come, answer me candidly?"

The men, true and honest, did not deny it.

"And possibly by this time you might have struck," said Mr. Hunter. "How much more 'fair' would that have been towards us than this locking-out is towards you? Do you think that you alone are to meet and pass your laws, and say you will coerce the masters, and that the masters will not pass laws in return? Nonsense, my men!"

A pause.

"When have the masters attempted to interfere with your privileges, either by saying that your day's toil shall consist of longer hours, or by diminishing your wages, and threatening to turn you off if you do not comply? Never. Masters have rights as well as men: but some of you, of late, have appeared to ignore the fact. Let me ask you another question: Were you well treated under me, or were you not? Have I shown myself solicitous for your interests, for your welfare? Have I ever oppressed you, ever put upon you?"

No, Mr. Hunter had never sought to oppress them: they acknowledged it freely. He had ever been a good master.

"My men, let me give you my opinion.—While condemning your conduct, your semblance of discontent—it has been semblance, rather than reality—I have been sorry for you, for it is not with you that the chief blame lies. You have suffered evil persuaders to get to your ears, and have been led away by their pernicious counsels. The root of the evil lies there. I wish you could bring your own good sense to bear upon these points, and to see with your own eyes. If so, there will be nothing to prevent our resuming together amicable relations; and for my own part, I care not how soon the time shall come. The works are for the present closed." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

THE IRONSIDES.

The country is at last completely awakened to the importance of iron-clad batteries and vessels-of-war. The raid of the Merrimac—or, as the rebels call her, the Virginia—into Hampton Roads, and the deplorable consequences of that raid, have fully aroused every one to the dangers which further apathy would inflict upon us. Nothing but the apparently providential arrival of Captain Ericsson's new vessel, the Monitor, prevented the occurrence of the most shameful disaster which has ever occurred in our naval annals.

Even yet the danger may not be passed. If the rebels can make the Merrimac as invulnerable and seaworthy as the Monitor appears to be, what is to hinder her from passing the Monitor, and sailing up the Potomac to Washington, or down the coast to Hatteras and Port Royal? One iron-clad, as it seems to us, may not be able to prevent another, equally invulnerable, from working an immensity of mischief. Suppose the Monitor, for instance, sails up to Norfolk—lets the Merrimac and the forts thunder at her, not replying to them at all—but simply devoting herself to the destruction of shipping, and other defenceless and inflammable property, how is it to be prevented except by great loss of life in boarding? For boarding would be a difficult feat, as her guns can be made to sweep her own deck. And what the Monitor could do, an equally invulnerable rebel ship could do also.

Such a vessel, once inside the port of New York, or opposite Washington or Philadelphia, could work, it would appear, an infinite amount of damage. The balls from the forts would but rebound from her iron sides. The only safe plan, it seems to us, would be to prevent her coming by placing obstructions in the channel. This, however, would amount to a blockade—of itself no small loss.

One means of managing these monsters would be to grapple them with a heavier and more powerful vessel and carry them off bodily. The turret of the Monitor would seem to open her especially to a danger of this character.

We judge, however, on the whole, that the power for defence may ultimately be increased over that for offence, by the introduction of these ironsides. There is a limit to the weight of iron that a sea-going vessel can carry, but hardly any limit to that of a floating battery, and none to that of a fort. Therefore, a gun that will smash in the sides of the former, may prove powerless against the thicker sides of the latter. We should like to see the effect of the large Union gun at Fortress Monroe upon the Merrimac. Cannot the Secretary of the Navy furnish the country with such an exhibition?

Donald McKay, the great ship builder, in his letter of December 3, 1861, showed our authorities, and the rebels also, how to transform a line-of-battle ship into a formidable battery. He said:—

"Cut down all our line-of-battle ships one or two decks, case them with 5-inch iron plates, put a battery of 30 or 40 guns of the heaviest calibre on board of them, and moor them across the entrance of our harbors; plate our heavy frigates with shell-proof iron plates, and to make up for the additional weight put into them, do away with their armament on the upper deck."

Something like the above might be done without much delay. With two or three batteries of the kind described, Norfolk could be taken, or the rebels compelled to blockade themselves. We think the result proves that the Naval Department has been caught napping. Its attention has been called to the Merrimac, and the other iron-clad vessels in the course of preparation by the enemy, again and again. Mr. Eliot, the engineer, in his pamphlet published early in February, said:—

"It is not generally known that the rebels now have five steam rams nearly ready for use. Of these five, two are on the lower Mississippi, two are at Mobile, and one is at Norfolk. The last of the five, the one at Norfolk, is doubtless the most formidable, being the United States steam frigate Merrimac, which has been so strengthened that, in the opinion of the rebels, it may be used as a ram.

"But we have not yet a single vessel at sea, nor, so far as I know, in course of construction, able to cope at all with a well-built ram.

"*If the Merrimac is permitted to escape from Elizabeth river, she will be almost certain to commit great depredations on our armed and unarmed vessels in Hampton Roads; and may even be expected to pass out under the guns of Fortress Monroe, and prey upon our commerce in Chesapeake Bay. Indeed, if the alterations have been skillfully made, and she succeeds in getting to sea, she will not only be a terrible scourge to our commerce, but may prove also to be a most dangerous visitor to our blockading squadrons off the harbors of the southern coasts.*

"I have attempted to call the attention of the Navy Department and the country so often to this subject during the last seven years, that I almost hesitate to allude to it again; and I would not do so here but that I think the danger from these tremendous engines *is very imminent but not at all appreciated.*

"Experience derived from accidental collisions shows that a vessel struck in the waist by a steam ram at sea, will go down almost instantaneously, and involve, as has often happened, the loss of nearly all on board."

We fear the Navy Department has been very shortsighted in this matter—and that Secretary Welles is not the right man in the right place.

There is probably little doubt now that the $15,000,000 bill for new Ironsides will go through both Houses like a flash. Perhaps about the best thing, however, would be to take Norfolk, New Orleans, and all the other Southern seaports which possess facilities for providing the *highly objectionable* class of rebel vessels alluded to. The old proverb says that "delays are dangerous," and the raid of the Merrimac has given the country another proof that the policy which postpones action, and takes things at its leisure, is by no means without its own peculiar risks and perils.

GALLANT FIGHTING.

Lieut. Geo. Upham Morris, who commanded the Cumberland during her action with the Merrimac, is a native of Massachusetts, and entered the navy from New York, August 14, 1846. Pennsylvania envies the old Bay State the possession of such a gallant son—a sailor worthy to rank with Paul Jones, and Decatur, and Stewart, and Perry. One account says:—

More than once, during the action with the Merrimac, the Cumberland was in a position to board her, and Lieut. Morris "called the boarders;" but the peculiar construction of the enemy made it impossible for them to obtain access to her quarters, if even aboard. This he was therefore obliged to abandon. When he found that the Cumberland must inevitably sink, and that before long, he considered it his duty to call all hands, and told them that, having done their duty, they were now at liberty to save themselves. He added, however, that it was his intention to fight the ship until she went down. *To this last announcement, every man and boy responded with three cheers, and the assurance that they would stand by Morris to the last, and again they went to work with such a will as sailors alone are equal to.* They promised no more than they performed, and nothing could have been more truly superb than their conduct from first to last, one and all, young and old. Lieutenants, Surgeons, Chaplain, Masters, sailors and boys vied with each other. No ship's crew in any war ever surpassed that noble, devoted band who stood by the flag on that day. The chaplain, the Rev. John L. Lenhart, a Pennsylvanian, was conspicuous in carrying ammunition for the guns, and in his devotion to the wounded, and is believed to have gone down when engaged in this latter duty. The last gun—one of the pivot guns—was fired by Acting Master William P. Randall, of Marblehead, Mass., who, just before the ship took her final plunge, remarked that at that stage of affairs, the Department would hardly censure him if he burst the gun, and that he would try giving the rebels two rounds at once. Thereupon he double shotted and double charged the gun, and, firing it, it took effect; and, judging from the rebel accounts, it is doubtless the one which did such damage on the Merrimac.

One of the rebel accounts says:—

A gallant man fought that ship—a man worthy to have maintained a better cause. Gun after gun he fired, lower and lower sunk his ship—his last discharge comes from his pivot gun—the ship lurches to starboard, now to port, his flag streams out wildly, and now the Cumberland goes down on her beam ends, at once a monument and an epitaph of the gallant man who fought her.

We trust the proper authorities will manifest—and that right speedily—that they appreciate such devoted heroism. Lieut Worden, of New York, who managed the Monitor so ably and gallantly, and his crew, also must not be forgotten. Honor to the brave!

THE LEARNED "TIMES."

The *London Times* has heard of the capture of Fort Henry, and naturally belittles the importance of that affair. It says:—

The capture of an earthwork on the Tennessee river, even if it be followed by the capture of the stronger neighboring fort upon the river *Constantine*, is only one of the first of a long series of military preparations for a campaign in Kentucky and Tennessee. If the invaders should obtain this success, its use will only be to enable them to feed the army which has advanced through Kentucky, and to keep it in working order for operating on a theatre 500 miles distant from the opposing armies on the Potomac. (!) *A year of successes would only give them military possession of two states which were never among the most zealous in the Southern cause.* As to the descents upon the coast, they are annoyances rather than wounds. They are but like the burning darts which the Spaniard thrusts into the flanks of a sluggish bull to sting him from his defensive posture. A hundred such victories and such inroads as these tell nothing towards the conquest of a country half as large as Europe, if that country be really earnest in its own defence. The Southern states before they revolted must have expected all this, and much more. We have always in Europe given the North credit for first successes very greatly superior to these, and have reckoned that their real difficulties would only commence when they had mastered the great strategic points throughout the South. At the rate at which the war is now proceeding, it will take, not ninety days, but ninety years, to "crush this rebellion;" and the respective grandsons of Gen. McClellan and Gen. Beauregard may at last fight out the battle for Manassas.

When a writer sets up for a prophet, and predicts the unknown, he should always be careful not to make any mistake as to the known. Now if the *Times* can blunder about such a matter as the name of a large and navigable river like the Cumberland, why may it not blunder just as much as to matters far more difficult to determine. Instead of a year's successes being required to crush the rebellion in two states, one month's successes bid fair to do it. A year's successes, "as the war is now proceeding," will, as a good many people think, wind up the whole business. We think moreover, on this side of the ocean, that the capture of the fort "on the river *Constantine!*" with about 14,000 men, may fairly be considered a little more important than a mere "preparation" for a campaign. Still, as we have the fort and the men, we will not quarrel about words.

THE PRESIDENT'S ORDERS.

The recent publication of the important orders of the President, the first issued on the 27th of January, directing all the military departments to be ready for a forward movement on the 22nd of February, let a little light upon a matter about which there was considerable obscurity. The division of the army of the Potomac into four corps d'armee under Generals McDowell, Sumner, Heintzelman and Keyes—and of a separate corps under General Banks; and the creation of three great military departments, to be commanded respectively by Major-Generals McClellan, Fremont and Halleck, all are matters of the highest interest and importance.

Now that Gen. McClellan is relieved of all responsibility for any other than his own separate command, we hope to see such energetic and decisive action as marked the campaign in Western Virginia.

THE NEW DEPARTMENT.

General Fremont's "mountain department" lies east of a line drawn north and south through Knoxville, and west of the department of the Potomac—the latter a rather indefinite limit. We suppose he takes the troops in Eastern Kentucky under Gen. Nelson, and those in Western Virginia under Rosecrans. Gen. Banks's corps d'armee is, we infer, in McClellan's department, though not included strictly in the "army of the Potomac."

We think that with the natural and praiseworthy rivalry between the three generals in command, the country will have no complaint to make hereafter of a want of action. For, over them all, is a President who admires gallantry, and will see fair-play so far as military resources are concerned.

THE MONITOR.—Those engravings of this vessel which represent her with a railing around her deck are probably drawn from memory, as she is said to have nothing of the kind. One account says:—

As we approached this novel naval wonder, I was struck with the pertness of the Norfolk description of her as "*a Yankee cheese box on a raft.*" It gives a better idea of her appearance than any of the engravings or descriptions in the New York papers.

They all fail to afford a correct idea of the general appearance of the vessel, and especially when she is in action. She is oval-shaped, 172 feet long, 41 feet in width at the centre. Her hull rises perpendicularly out of the water, as straight all round as the sides of a stone wall, and as flat on top as a table, *without any rail or guards around her.* She has two square smoke-stacks about seven feet in height; but in time of action these are removed, and the smoke and steam come through grates in the deck, the iron of which is about eight inches thick. Nothing remains on her deck but the pilot-house, which is a square iron statue, about three feet high, about the size of an ordinary dry goods box.

This pilot-house being square, is liable to being hit with full force. It was in it that Capt. Worden was injured. The turret, being round, the shot strike it generally at an angle.

FOREIGN IGNORANCE.—The blunder of the "*London Times*," in calling the river Cumberland "the river *Constantine*," is not worse than a blunder of Charles Lever's, who in one of his novels, refers to certain estates as being situated "on the banks of the Orinoco, *west of the Rocky Mountains.*"

Would it not be a good idea to purchase by penny subscription a copy of Lippincott's Gazetteer and a good chart of the American continent, and present them to the editor of the *Times?*

CAPT. BUCHANAN, rebel commander of the Merrimac, was severely wounded. 17 of the crew were killed and wounded.

MANASSAS.

Bayard Taylor, after a trip to Centreville, Bull Run, Manassas, &c, gives, in a letter to the *Tribune*, his conclusions, as follows:—

First: That the topographical character of the position at Manassas has been wholly misunderstood. Instead of a high plain, with ascending terraces, furnishing concentric lines of defence, it is a low plain, of which the only natural advantage is the stream of Bull Run, with a low bluff bank.

Second: That the position at Centreville, though naturally formidable to an advance from Fairfax, has no flank or rear defences, is imperfectly fortified, and from all indications, never had any heavy siege guns.

Third: That the three or four small forts near Manassas Junction, on an open plain, do not constitute a strategic position of any importance.

Fourth: That the strongest of the rebel works was inferior, both in construction and armament, to the weakest of our forts on the Virginia side of Washington.

Fifth: That the rebels never had, at any time, in all the camps between Centreville and Manassas, more than 75,000 men.

Sixth: That an advance of our whole army, made any time since the first of November last, would very easily have reached Manassas with as much expedition and as little loss as the advance at this time. It is scarcely likely that the rebels, who have been, all along, so well informed as to our strength and our contemplated movements, would have hazarded an engagement which *must* have resulted disastrously to them.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

JOHN BRENT. By THEODORE WINTHROP, author of "Cecil Dreeme." Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Phila.

As one work of Theodore Winthrop's follows another in their presentation to the public, the general appreciation of their author increases to a feeling that might be called "the late remorse of love," if there were, indeed, any cause for remorse in the indifference felt towards him during his life. But in as much as his light was left hidden under a bushel, the public can deserve no blame for its late recognition of his merits. Now that the light is being set in its candlestick, its brightness is fairly acknowledged.

"John Brent," the second of Winthrop's posthumously published novels, is in many respects superior to "Cecil Dreeme," though their styles are so diverse that they scarcely admit of comparison. Here are no psychological problems, no dreamy and half-supernatural influences, but action and adventure, hearty, healthy, with the light of open day, and the breath of the wilderness in it.

The story opens in California, where the narrator, Richard Wade, the true hero, though not the prominent actor of the book, is, as he says, "thrust by Destiny into the bitter bad business of QUARTZ MINING." The first few chapters,—narrating the heart-sinking disappointments of the mine, describing the roughs who congregate in that region, especially those known by the cognomen of "Pikes," and introducing the reader to John Brent, and to that no less heroic personage, the black horse Don Fulano, are charming. The author passes over the story with a leisurely coolness, interspersing the narrative with philosophic and epigrammatic remarks. The following description of the "human critter" called Pike, is very good:

"America is manufacturing several new types of men. The Pike is one of the newest. He is a bastard pioneer. With one hand he clutches the pioneer vices; with the other, he beckons forward the vices of civilization. It is hard to understand how a man can have so little virtue in so long a body, unless the shakes are foes to virtue in the soul, as they are to beauty in the face.

"He is a terrible shock, this unlucky Pike, to the hope that the new race on the new continent is to be a handsome race. He is hung together, not put together. He inserts his lank fathom of a man into a suit of molasses-colored homespun. Frowsy and husky is the hair nature crowns him with; frowsy and stubbly the beard. He shambles in his walk. He drawls in his talk. He drinks whiskey by the tank. His oaths are to his words as Falstaff's sack to his bread. I have seen Maltese beggars, Arab camel-drivers, Dominican friars, New York aldermen, Digger Indians; the foulest, frowsiest creatures I have ever seen are thorough-bred Pikes. The most vigorous of them leave their native landscape of cotton-wood and sand-bars along the yellow ditches of the West, and emigrate with a wagon-load of pork and pork-fed progeny across the plains to California. There the miasma are roasted out of them; the shakes warmed away; they will grow rich, and possibly mellow, in the third or fourth generation. They had not done so in my time. I lived among them *ad nauseam* month after month, and I take this opportunity to pay them parting compliments."

That best of the Pikes, Genian the great ranchero, our modern and Americanized type of patriarch, looking over his mighty sweep of hills and meadows, tenanted by herds of cattle and horses, where the noble black steed leads his equine troop in disdain of man and his supremacy, is a fine picture, but too long for quotation.

As the action of the story quickens there is less dallying with by-play and accessories, and in the grand culminating "Gallop of Three" the words sweep on like a torrent, and bear our breathless interest with them, till we draw breath at last beside the lady saved from ruffian hands in the Loggeroal Pass of the Rocky Mountains. This is the crisis of the story. From this point the remainder, equally excellent in its way, is in a different key. As it began with gold, it ends with steel. From the California mine to the shop of the London machinist is a long passage, but it is well-filled. And when the tale ends, as tales should, with happy and successful love, we lay down the book with a hearty "well done."

HON. ALFRED ELY, having received about fifty letters from millers residing in New York, appeared before the Committee on Ways and Means recently in opposition to the proposed tax of ten cents on every barrel of flour.—The result was that this was stricken from the bill.

By order of Governor Morgan, all the principal forts of New York harbor have been garrisoned. The Fifth New York Volunteer artillery—enlisted and instructed for heavy artillery service, and recently ordered to Washington to garrison the forts in the vicinity of the capital, were retained.

A VISIT TO THE MONITOR.

A visitor to the Monitor writes as follows:—

The crew say, "We fear nothing on land or water, and are ready, whenever the order is given, to proceed direct to Norfolk or Richmond."

THE SPEED OF THE MONITOR.—The information has gained ground that the "Merrimac" is superior in speed to the "Monitor," and that if the former chose she could run past her and go out to sea. This, I was assured, is an entire mistake. The speed of the "Merrimac" is not over five knots an hour, whilst that of the "Monitor" is about seven. On putting the question to one of her gunners as to their relative speed, and the ability of the "Merrimac" to run away from the "Monitor," he replied, "we would like to see her attempt it. She would then be at our mercy, and by following close in her wake, we would soon cripple, if not destroy her rudder and propeller." A more enthusiastic and confident set of men never manned a ship, and they all express an anxiety that they will soon have another opportunity to meet her.

INTERIOR OF THE TOWER.—The guns set side and side in the centre of the tower, and are intended to be fired simultaneously, the close proximity of the muzzles of the two guns enabling the two balls to strike the sides of the enemy in similar proximity to each other. The moment the guns are fired two immense pillars of steel, on the inside, about six feet long, two feet in width, and one foot in thickness, slide before the portholes, completely closing them and protecting the gunners from the balls of the enemy.

EFFECTS OF THE SHOT.—There are marks on the tower and hull of about twenty balls, and some of them seem to have struck the tower fair and square, with no more apparent effect than could be produced by the blow of a sledge hammer. The paint is rubbed off, and if re-painted, it would be difficult to discover where most of the shots struck. The gunners of the enemy seem, however, to have early abandoned the attempt to damage the tower, though most of their balls even there were aimed at the port-holes, three striking in close proximity. Two of the six or seven marks on the tower are said to have been accidental shots from the guns of the "Minnesota."

The greater part of the shot marks are on the edge of the hull, which, it should be remembered, does not rise more than twelve inches out of the water. They seem to have been under the impression that there must be a weak spot underneath the water line, and they hammered away all round, but here, too, the invulnerability of the Monitor was equally great, and the indentations are only to the extent of a fraction of an inch.—There is a small fracture of the edge of the iron at one point, which only seems to show its great strength at a point which might be supposed to be weakest.

The shot that struck the square pilot-house did little more than knock the cement out. Had the pilot-house been round instead of square, as it is now proposed to make it, the ball would have glanced and lost half of its force, and failed to injure the eyes of the gallant commander. He is, however, I am pleased to learn, rapidly recovering. The retiring of the Merrimac from the contest with her insignificant antagonist, is not to be wondered at, when the exercise of all the power she possessed, for five hours, had done little more than deface her paint.

The attempt of the "Merrimac" to run her down left no mark on the iron, except some splinters from her timbers, which are sticking to a nut and screw on her hull. She struck her precisely amidships, directly opposite the centre of the tower, and this experiment having so entirely failed, it was evident that no hopes could be entertained from its repetition.

WHAT THE GUNNERS SAY.—I had a conversation with the gunners, and they are thoroughly satisfied that at least three of their balls passed through the iron roof of the monster, and they think that if they had used the wrought iron balls they could have sunk the monster rebel. They had positive orders from Captain Dahlgren not to use them until they were first experimented with, and none were used, the impression being that they would be liable to burst the guns.

☞ The Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post thinks it curious that the Maine soldiers should be homesick, and adds, "Who would think that any man would long, in winter, for a climate where the mercury is in the habit of settling down to and below zero?" The Post editor evidently knows nothing of the delights of our northern winters. If he had ever skated on moonlight evenings, or gone sleighing with the girls, or spent an evening at a singing or spelling school, he would sympathize with the Maine soldiers in their homesickness. Our boys are homesick because they know what *home* means.—*Portland Transcript.*

☞ The impression gains that Lord Lyons has shown a friendly, courteous spirit towards this country in the Trent affair. His letters to Earl Russell were kind and deprecatory of hasty action. Undoubtedly his course tended greatly to soothe the waters which editorial Pumblechooks were insanely smiting.

☞ In Hull, England, an old pensioner sued a widow, seventy years old, for the return of 11 shillings' worth of love tokens that he had given her under the impression that she would marry him. The judge ordered the money to be paid, or the goods returned.

☞ The late Mr. Payne mentions a conversation between George II. and a famous German General whose everlasting theme was the bravery of his English subjects.—George (*loquitur*)—"But, mein General, dere is von ting dat de Britain is afraid of." "Your Majesty is under von mistake; der Englishman is not afraid of nothing at all." "But I tell you dat he is; and if you keep it ein great secret I will tell you." "Most honored, your Majesty." "Den you will never tell it to one at all?" "I vill not, your Majesty." "Come closer, den, for fear of any one hearing it—der Englishman is afraid of him's wife."

☞ "Mother," said Ike Partington, "did you know that the 'Iron Horse' has but one ear?" "One ear! merciful gracious, child, what do you mean?" "Why the engin-ear, of course."

☞ A distinguished divine, on a certain occasion, while preaching with his usual eloquence and power, said, "Brethren, I sometimes illustrate my subject in this manner;" and putting his handkerchief to his nose, blew a blast loud enough to wake the seven sleepers. That was not the intended illustration, but some of his hearers thought it was.

THE BATTLE OF THE IRONSIDES

The following is one of the best accounts we have seen:—

At early dawn, the Merrimac, Jamestown, Yorktown, and a number of other rebel craft were seen drawn up off Sewall's Point, apparently waiting for the smoke and haze to lift before resuming the contest. The Monitor had taken her station to the left and in advance of the Minnesota, and our other gunboats were in the neighborhood of the frigate. Shortly after 8 o'clock the Merrimac began to move up toward the Minnesota, about three miles distant. Her path lay across the bows of the Monitor, whose presence or real character it is probable she was not then aware of. When within about a mile, the ball was opened by the Monitor firing a shot, which struck the side of the iron hided monster, the Merrimac at the same time slackening her speed. Her intention evidently was to make directly for the Minnesota, and serve her as she had served the Cumberland and Congress. But suddenly she found a lion in her path. The firing was kept up for some time at the distance of about one mile, when the Monitor began to move toward her antagonist, delivering her fire deliberately and with precision. The Merrimac, six times her size, and with an armament equally out of proportion, awaited her at rest. At a distance of a quarter of a mile or less, both opened their terrible batteries—the Merrimac firing much the oftenest, of course. It was the first trial of an experiment in a fearful ordeal. The scene was witnessed by those who crowded the ramparts and lined the docks with almost breathless interest. It would not have disappointed many at that moment had it become apparent that the unpretending Monitor was unequal to the contest. By this time the two iron-clad combatants seemed to touch, fighting at close quarters, delivering their shots seemingly into the muzzles of each other's guns. But so far from being unequal to her adversary, the Monitor moved around her, planting her shots where she would. The contest was so hot, that for a time the smoke obscured both the Monitor and the Merrimac. As if realizing that she had found at least her match, if not her superior, the Merrimac drew off toward Craney Island, the Monitor pursuing, planting her shot with the same deliberation which had characterized her movements from the outset. After keeping up the pursuit for half an-hour, the Monitor returned toward the Minnesota. I should have mentioned that shortly after this engagement commenced, one of the rebel gunboats, apparently the Yorktown, steamed out, and boldly engaged the Monitor. A shot through her, which must have done serious injury, sent her back again, and she did not venture within range of the guns of the new comer during the day.

As if having rested from the first round, and recovered from the bewilderment resulting from finding such a terrible antagonist in so small a one, the Merrimac returned to the contest, and, as before, was met fearlessly by the Monitor. The Merrimac being now within range of the Minnesota, delivered several of her thundering broadsides, and showers of solid shot went crashing against the side of the iron monster. The gunboats also went into the fight gallantly. Though the Monitor again sought close quarters, the Merrimac, having already had a taste of that sort of thing, kept at a prudent distance. For more than an hour the battle was kept up without either side showing damage, when, at about 11 A. M., the Monitor retired beyond the Minnesota to allow her guns to cool.* The contest now raged between the Merrimac and Minnesota and the gunboats. The terrible broadsides of the frigate, chained to the bottom, as it were, shook the earth, and the solid shot glanced in every direction from the sides of the Merrimac.

When the Monitor returned to the contest, the Merrimac was apparently ready for her, for she did not retreat but stood her ground. Nothing could exceed the accuracy of the firing on both sides. After keeping up the contest for half an hour at a range of half or three quarters of a mile, the Monitor began to advance on her antagonist, who awaited her with apparent confidence. Delivering her fire with deliberation and unerring precision, the Monitor went straight ahead and at full speed for the Merrimac, till the men on both boats, if they had not been hidden by the iron covering, might have engaged in a hand-to-hand fight. Now followed one of the most remarkable and exciting scenes ever witnessed in naval warfare. The vessels touched, and delivering their broadsides simultaneously, the shot crashed upon the sides of both, either glancing off and falling into the water, or crumbling into atoms. As if determined that the combat should have an end, the Monitor moved round the Merrimac at a distance of only a few yards, plunging her shot into her sides. With well-directed aim the planted one into her hull below her iron coating, and below her water line. Three gaping holes now appeared in her stern c[oating]. Passing deliberately round the shot at [the] Merrimac, the Monitor aimed a[t] points, her screw, and several others at vital off towa[rd] The Merrimac now began to make and as it [ap]peared, the cove flanking Craney Island, bled, che[ck]s became apparent that she was disa[bled] the shore. [gu]ns went up from the ramparts and The Monitor did not pursue, probably on [ac]count of the heating of her guns, or some o[ther] equally good reason. After lying for a [short] time near the shore, the Merrimac slow[ly] rounded out, and turned her prow towar[d] the place she was seen in the morning, wi[th] were the other rebel boats were assembled a[s] spectators of the fight. They gathered aro[und] and her like the backers of a whipped bull[y]. At this time it was the general opinion of those who had the best means for observing, that the Merrimac had sunk at least two feet, and that she was fast going down. Her d[e]ck was thronged with her crew. She gav[e] no sign of steam or smoke. Small boats put off from her, and tug boats came to her side as if to render assistance. As soon as arrangements could be made for doing so, the boats took her in tow, and about three-quarters pas[t] 12, the Merrimac, the Jamestown, the Yorktown, and the other rebel craft, either rowing or pulling the former, might be seen, constituting a mournful procession, as they passed into the dim distance under Craney Island.

Thus ended probably the most remarkable naval engagement on record; certainly the first between two iron-clad antagonists.

The timely appearance of the Monitor was the salvation of the Minnesota, and probably most of the shipping in the Roads, and perhaps other property besides. Had she come a day sooner, she would have saved two of the noblest frigates in the service, and hundreds of lives.

The following is copied from an official report of General Wool:—

"The Merrimac has not made her appearance. It is not yet ascertained how much she was injured. The chief engineer of the Monitor says that three balls from that vessel passed through the Merrimac. The Monitor suffered very little, although she was struck 24 times."

* A mistake. One of her shot got lodged wrongly in the gun.

☞ Little Herby, while playing the other day, hurt his finger. Seeing it bleeding, he called out, "Hurry, mamma, and stop it up—it's leaking!"

THE MERRIMAC AND THE MONITOR.

Above we give a representation of the first great battle between the Ironsides of the Ocean. We give in another place a full description of this remarkable contest. We here give some details of the combatants:—

THE MERRIMAC.—The Merrimac, the iron-plated rebel steamer which attacked the Ericsson battery, was formerly the United States screw-frigate of the same name. She was built at the Navy Yard at Charlestown, Mass., in 1855; and her last service was in the Pacific squadron. At the time of the rebel attack on the Norfolk Navy Yard, she was lying there in ordinary, as a store and receiving ship. She was a ship 3,200 tons burden, and was pierced for forty guns.

When the Navy Yard was assailed, she was set fire to, scuttled and sunk by the national officers, in preference to letting her fall into the hands of the rebels. A recent official report on the subject, made to the rebel authorities, stated that she was sunk and burned to her copper line and down through to her berth deck, which, with her spacious gun-decks were also burned. After the rebels had got possession of the yard, they proceeded to raise the hull of the Merrimac, and to convert her into a vessel of war for their own purpose.

Her hull was cut down to within three feet of her water-work, and a bomb proof house built on her gun-deck. She was then iron-plated, and her bow and stern steel clad, with a projecting angle of iron, for the purpose of piercing a vessel. She had no masts, and there was nothing to be seen over her gun-deck, with the exception of the pilot-house and smoke stack. The bomb proof was three inches thick, and made of wrought iron. Altogether she looked like a most formidable war-ship. But when her iron sheathing was half on it was tested by columbiads and found inefficient. She was then additionally strengthened, until she was so heavy that she bade fair to become unmanageable and even to sink by her own weight.

In a description published some two or three months ago, her armament was stated as consisting of four 14-inch navy guns on each side, and two 100-pounder Armstrong guns at the bow and stern. But no doubt great changes have been made in her armament before this time. The Norfolk Day Book of the 6th ult. had an article describing the attempt to convert the Merrimac into an impregnable iron-plated man-of-war as a failure. But as a Western contemporary says: Some of the rebels would rather tell a lie for a twelve-months' note, than the truth for ready money.

THE MONITOR.—Externally this little vessel, planned and built by Capt. Ericson, presents to the fire of the enemy's guns a hull rising but about eighteen inches above the water, and a sort of Martello tower, twenty feet in diameter, and nine feet high. The smoke stack during action is lowered into the hold, it being made with telescopic slides. The hull is sharp at both ends, the bow projecting and coming to a point at an angle of eighty degrees to the vertical line. It is flat-bottomed, six and a half feet in depth, one hundred and twenty-four feet long, thirty-four feet wide at the top, and is built of light three-eighth inch iron. Another, or upper hull, rests on this with perpendicular sides and sharp ends, five feet high, forty feet four inches wide, one hundred and seventy-four feet long, extending over the sides of the lower hull three feet seven inches, and over each end twenty-five feet, thus serving as a protection to the propeller, rudder, and anchor. The sides of the upper hull are composed of an inner guard of iron, a wall of white oak thirty inches thick, covered with iron armor six inches thick.

When in readiness for action, the lower hull is totally immersed, and the upper one is sunk 8 feet 6 inches, leaving only 18 inches above water. The interior is open to the bottom like a sloop, the deck, which is bomb proof, coming flush with the top of the upper hull. No railing or bulwark of any kind appears above the deck, and the only things exposed are the turret or citadel, the wheel-house, and the box crowning the smoke stack. The inclination of the lower hull is such that a ball to strike it in any part must pass through at least 25 feet of water, and then strike an inclined iron surface at an angle of about 10 degrees. In the event of the enemy boarding the battery they can do no harm, as the only entrance is at the top of the turret or citadel, which cannot easily be scaled, and even then only one man at a time can descend into the hull.

This turret is a revolving, bomb proof fort, and mounts two 11-inch guns. It is protected by eight thicknesses of inch iron, overlapping so that at no one spot is there more than one inch thickness of joint. A shell proof flat roof, of perforated plate iron, placed on forged beams, inserted six inches down the cylinder, covers the top. The sliding hatch in this cover is perforated to give light, and for musketry fire in case the battery is boarded. A spur-wheel, 6½ inches in diameter, moved by a double cylinder engine, turns the turret, guns and all, a rod connected with the running gear of the engine enabling the gunner to control the aim. The guns move in forged iron slides across the turret, the carriages being made to fit them accurately.

These guns were furnished with a number of wrought-iron shot, by the Novelty Works, each ball weighing 184 pounds, and costing $47. The balls were made by forging square blocks of iron which were afterward turned in the lathe. Cast iron shot would break against such a vessel as the Merrimac, and these shot were forged for the especial purpose of smashing through her sides. Lieut. Worden intended, in case the Merrimac did not come out, to go into Norfolk harbor and lay his vessel along side of her there. She saved him that trouble.

The wrought-iron shot were not used in the recent engagement. Capt. Dahlgren was a little afraid of bursting his gun, and gave peremptory orders that these should not be used. The next time the Monitor will use them. Assistant Secretary Fox has returned from Fortress Monroe, and is confident that when the Merrimac next makes her appearance, she will be disabled, if not captured by us. The Monitor has had her turret covered with iron, so as to make her top show sharp angles around, instead of being square, as before. This will insure the balls to fly off without injury.

A WITTY LETTER.

REPLY OF GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN TO THE RESOLUTIONS OF THANKS, SIGNED BY MANY PROMINENT PHILADELPHIANS.

At a meeting, probably a spontaneous one, in the Continental saloon, in this city, resolutions were adopted expressive of the admiration universally felt for Mr. Train in his native land. These resolutions were engrossed, signed by one hundred of our prominent citizens, and transmitted to Mr. Train by Judge Kelley. The following is Mr. Train's amusing reply:—

No. 18 St. James' street, London. /
February 18, 1862. /

To the Hon. WILLIAM D. KELLEY, member of Congress, Philadelphia.

My Dear Sir:—When it comes to pass that a prophet becomes known in his own country—the wealth of censure is usually in striking contrast to the poverty of praise—commendation stimulates the mind to higher aims, but how few have the generosity to bestow it! I have been so misunderstood—so misrepresented—so abused in this country simply for being true to my own, it pleases me to bask in the sunshine of your good will. Your testimonial is most welcome, because most unexpected, and having observed that our people forget a man who has served the state after one banquet—one snuff-box—and one freedom of the city, I am desirous of prolonging the delightful sensation of being patted on the shoulder.

In your kindness you mention my loyal course during our night of revolution. I could not help it. Some men are born patriots—others make themselves so—while others have patriotism thrust upon them. There is no credit in knowing how to spell—but positive disgrace in being ignorant on that point. So there can be no credit in doing right while it is infamous to do wrong. I always act on first thoughts. Second thoughts are often destructive of happiness. First thoughts make patriots. Second—create traitors! Born within cannon-shot of Bunker Hill—nurtured about half way between Lexington and Concord, my love of country was as natural as it was national. The moment my nurse exclaimed to me about the Fourth of July—I commenced as a babe firing pop-guns in my cradle. Spent more money as a boy, in fire crackers on the Fourth of July than any other in the village, and as a man have been making Fourth of July speeches all over the world. Happening to be in England, when loyal Americans were not the chief ornaments of the British Museum—I commenced firing my signal guns twelve months ago, the echo of which is just booming back upon me from my Atlantic home.

As my originality consists in appropriating the ideas of others, I am at a loss to understand how the world has come to believe in me—unless it is by noticing the natural simplicity of my disposition and the constitutional diffidence of my temperament.

The world usually pushes a man the way he makes up his mind to go—if going up they push him up—if going down they push him down—gravitation, however, making the speed the greater on the decline.

Observing that the rifleman aims above the mark he intends to hit, I point to the White House with the intention of lighting on the floor of Congress. Start fair and wonders are easily accomplished. When the swimmer succeeds in floating—the river is soon crossed. Let the world acknowledge a man to be intellectually one inch over six feet—and inches are soon dropped, and feet are added to his stature. Minorities rule the world, not majorities, as evidenced by the fact of there being more politicians in it than statesmen.

When told that I am clever, I modestly say, Yes, much cleverer than you think me to be—this usually stops comment, surprising the auditor by the honesty of the egotism.

Had I not more money (in prospective) than I know what to do with, I would immediately apply to the Administration, as other loyal citizens do, for my compensation for being a patriot. To prevent any sudden action of the Government in appointing me minister to the Cannibal Islands, I may as well mention my disqualifications for high office. I have written some unread books—know some unknown languages—write rapidly—speak well—and have kept the commandments from my youth upwards—never voted—never belonged to a fire company—Odd Fellow—Free Mason, or any other secret society—debating club, or military company!—never imbibed a glass of rum, gin or brandy, wine or any kind of intoxicating liquor, yet never signed a pledge or belonged to a temperance society—never smoked a segar—chewed a piece of tobacco—or took a pinch of snuff—never failed to accomplish whatever I undertook—never had but three months schooling—hence am more familiar with five languages than dead—never had a chance to cheat widows and orphans out of anything, no considerable sums ever having been left any length of time in my hands!—never had an opportunity of taking advantage of my country's embarrassments to make money out of my people—never was sufficiently near the enemy to give me the chance to run—hence think I should make a good brigadier-general, and this is the first time I ever had occasion to write a political letter, which is the only apology I have for its red-tape style. Suffice it to say, sir—I deeply feel your remembrance and appreciate your friendship—and those you represent—and encouraged by your kindness, I pledge myself to keep my future as free from blemish as is my past career—and some day hope to prove to you that your confidence has not been misplaced—meanwhile I ask you to present my warm regards to each of the distinguished gentlemen who have honored me by signing the testimonial, and request them to draw upon me at sight for any quantity of good will, and to remember, individually and collectively, when they cross the ocean, that they will always find an open door, a well-filled plate, and an honest welcome at number Eighteen St. James' street. Faithfully and thankfully yours,

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

NEWS ITEMS.

ENGLISH OPINION.—A letter from London, dated the 1st of March, to the Commercial, says:—On the whole, there is an obvious growth of the impression in England that the struggle in America will be terminated this spring. American securities have consequently been buoyant.

THE rebel batteries were still at Acquia Creek on the 13th.

CAPT. WORDEN is at the house of Lieut. Wise, under the most skillful medical treatment and faithful nursing. It is not yet known whether the sight of one eye is entirely destroyed. When a gentleman told Secretary Stanton that it was feared that the gallant sailor would lose the sight of one of his eyes, he exclaimed, "Then we will fill the other with diamonds."

HARBOR DEFENCES.—Commodore Stevens has obtained permission from the War Department to place the large Rodman gun now on the Rip Raps at Fortress Monroe on board of the strongly-built steamer "Naugatuck," to be used as a defence in the harbor of New York, in the event of the Merrimac escaping past Fortress Monroe. Arrangements are being made to obstruct the channel of the Delaware in such event, so that the good people of Philadelphia may sleep soundly in their beds, without fear of the iron monster.

THE crew of one of the French vessels-of-war (the Gassendi) now lying at Fortress Monroe, had from their decks a fine view of the grand naval engagement of Sunday, and are most enthusiastic in their descriptions of the contest. They regard the Monitor as invulnerable, and during the day a number of the officers visited her, and were received with all the honors by Commander Jeffers. They went through the vessel, and had all its parts explained to them, pronouncing it the last Yankee invention that is to astonish the world and bring about a new era in naval warfare and fortifications.

EUROPEAN NEWS.—By the steamship Africa at New York, from Liverpool, we have later news from Europe. Advie s from Gibraltar say that it was the lieutenant of the Sumter who was arrested, and not the captain. Subsequent accounts say that he has been released. The U. S. ships are watching the Sumter, which remains stationary. In the French Chambers the Prince Napoleon has asked for the suppression of the Pope's temporal power.

THE distress of the rebels in the vicinity of Winchester may be more easily imagined than described, by those who read the painful intelligence that whiskey has recently been selling in that town for two dollars a pint!

THE SINKING OF THE CUMBERLAND.

UNION CHIVALRY—LIEUT. MORRIS WILL NOT SURRENDER—SHE GOES DOWN WITH FLYING COLORS!

The following account by an eye witness shows the splendid daring, heroism and fortitude of Lieut. Morris and the men under his command. Their noble example is equal to a victory:—

FORTRESS MONROE, March 13, 1862.

About 4 bells (2 o'clock P. M.), being on deck, I descried something like a moving market-shed, about two miles distant from our ship, the "Cumberland." It was soon ascertained that it was the long-looked for "Merrimac." She passed the frigate "Congress," firing into her in doing so, making for us—the "Cumberland." When within twenty yards of us, she fired one shell into us—rifled and percussion—killing five marines, two sailors, and wounding nine. The commanding officer of the rebel then inquired of Lieut. G. W. Morris, the commander of the "Cumberland," "if he had surrendered, if not he would sink him."

The lieutenant answered: "Sink and be ——." At this the "Merrimac" backed off about one hundred yards, and ran at the "Cumberland" with full headway, striking her under the starboard bow, about four feet under water, at the same time firing two shells, killing all the gunners at Nos. 1 and 2 guns, except six. Backing off again, and the rebel commander shouting, "Will you surrender now?" Lieut. Morris answered, "We'll sink first."

The "Merrimac" again backed off, firing two or three broadside guns, and again coming on to the "Cumberland," striking her a little abaft of the first place struck, at the same time delivering her heavy guns, killing and wounding a great many both by shot and splinters. The scene on the deck of the "Cumberland" was heart-rending in the extreme. The dead and dying all around, the enemy's shot and shell falling all around, and yet there was not a man on board flinched for a moment—officers and men working the guns—the officers taking the places of the dead gunners. The marines were also at the guns.

By this time the "Cumberland" was commencing to sink; the forward magazine was flooded; the gunners using the after magazine to supply the whole battery—the "Merrimac" all the time only a few yards distant from our ship, raking us fore and aft. It was reported to Lieut. Morris that there was two feet of water in the after magazine, and was also asked if they should strike the Federal colors. He answered, "*that the ship should go down with the colors flying.*"

Word was now passed that the powder tanks should be passed on deck, so as to keep up the supply of powder for the whole of the battery. In the meantime the water in the hold and the tide lifted the "Cumberland" to the starboard, and the port battery shifting to the starboard, *the ship went down, with colors flying and the crew at the guns till they were merged in the water.*

Some of the crew clung to the rigging; some were picked up by boats from Newport News. Out of the ship's company, some 160 are lost—many of them from Philadelphia, especially the Marine Guard, who lost fourteen out of forty. The Marine Corps was under command of Lieut. Charles Haywood, from the state of Maine.

Master's Mate, John Harrington, had his head shot off at the second fire; Chaplain, John S. Lenhart, was drowned; Daniel Small, Captain's Orderly, whose family resides in Philadelphia, at Fifteenth and Market streets, acted with great coolness on this occasion. The sailors, when they would lose a rammer, took their sponges to ram the cartridge home. At the time the ship went down, some of the guns were manned by only three men, all the others being disabled or killed.

THE Sub-Committee of the Conduct of the War Committee have returned, it is said, from a visit to Manassas in wrathful mood. They counted 55 embrasures at Centreville, in 35 of which wooden guns were mounted! A negro said that the rebels said, "They were good *to scare with* as any."

☞ A dog in Hartford lately picked a ten dollar bill from the mud in that city, and after drying it by the stove, put it into his master's hand—so it is said.

LATEST NEWS.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Address of General McClellan to His Soldiers.

The Time for Action Arrived.

THE EVACUATION OF NEW MADRID.

An Expedition at Savannah, Tenn., &c.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, /
Fairfax Court House, Va., March 14. /

Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac:

For a long time I have kept you inactive—but not without a purpose. You were to be disciplined, armed and instructed. The formidable artillery you now have had to be created. Other armies had to move and accomplish certain results. I held you back that you might give the death-blow to the rebellion that has distracted our once happy country. The patience you have shown, and your confidence in your General, are worth a dozen victories.

These preliminary results are now accomplished. I feel that the patient labors of many months have produced their fruit. The army of the Potomac is now a real army—magnificent in material, admirable in discipline and instruction, excellently equipped and armed. Your commanders are all that I could wish.

The moment for action has arrived, and I know that I can trust in you to save our country. And as I ride through your ranks I see in your faces a sure presage of victory. I feel that you will do whatever I ask of you.

The period of inaction has passed. I will bring you face to face with the rebels, and only pray that God may defend the right.

In whatever direction you may move—however strange my actions may appear to you—ever bear in mind that my fate is linked with yours, and that all I do is to bring you where I know you wish to be—*on the decisive battle-field.* It is my business to place you there; I am to watch over you *as a parent over his children*—and you know that your General loves you from the depths of his heart.

It shall be my care, as it has ever been, to gain success with the least possible loss; but I know that if it is necessary you will willingly follow me to our graves for our righteous cause.

God smiles upon us. Victory attends us. Yet I would not have you think that our aim is to be attained without a manly struggle.—I will not disguise it from you—you have brave foes to encounter—foemen worthy of the steel that you will use so well. I shall demand of you great, heroic exertions—rapid and long marches—desperate combats—privations, perhaps. We will share all these together; and when this sad war is over we will all return to our homes, and feel that we can ask no higher honor than the proud consciousness that we belonged to the army of the Potomac.

GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN,
Major General Commanding.

The Evacuation of New Madrid.

ST. LOUIS, March 15.—Gen. Pope, in a despatch to Gen. Halleck, says:—

Our success at New Madrid has been greater than reported.

Twenty-five pieces of heavy artillery, (24-pounders and rifled) thirty-two batteries of field artillery, an immense quantity of fixed ammunition, several thousand small arms, hundreds of boxes of musket cartridges, 300 mules, and tents for an army of 12,000 men, and an immense quantity of other property of not less value than a million of dollars have fallen into our hands.

The men only escaped. The enemy's whole force is demoralized and dispersed in the swamp on the opposite side of the river.

The enemy abandoned their works so hurriedly as to leave all the baggage of their officers and the knapsacks of their men. Their dead were unburied. Their suppers were on the tables, and the candles were burning in the tents.

A furious thunder storm, which raged all night, enabled them to get across the river, without being discovered. Our heavy battery was established during the night of the 13th within eight hundred yards of the enemy's works, and opened at daylight on the morning of the 13th instant, just thirty-four hours after the guns were delivered to us at Cairo.

During the whole day yesterday our lines were drawn closer around their works, under a furious fire of sixty pieces of artillery. The fear of an assault on their works at daylight induced them to flee precipitately during the night.

Many prisoners have been taken, and the colors of several Arkansas regiments.

Our loss is about fifty killed and wounded.

Hollins was in command of the fleet, and Gens. McCann, Stewart and Gault, of the land forces. The gunboats went down the river.

Gen. Pope has twenty-five heavy guns, with two works of the enemy, which command every point of the river.

ST. LOUIS, March 14.—The following is a copy of the official dispatch sent to the Secretary of War:—

After several days' skirmishing and a number of attempts of the enemy's gunboats to dislodge Gen. Pope's batteries at Point Pleasant, the enemy has evacuated his fort and entrenchments at New Madrid, leaving all his artillery, field batteries, tents, wagons, mules, &c., and an immense quantity of military stores.

Brigadier-General Hamilton has occupied the place.

This was the last rebel stronghold of the enemy in this State, and no rebel flag is now flying in Missouri.

Expedition Down the Mississippi.

HICKMAN, KY., March 15.—A naval expedition, composed of the gunboats Benton, Louisville, Cincinnati, Carondelet and Conestoga, under Flag-officer Foote, left Cairo at 7 o'clock this morning.

At Columbus they were joined by the gunboats Pittsburg, St. Louis and Mound City, and were overtaken by eight of the mortar boats in tow of four steamers, with transports and ordnance boats.

They arrived here at half-past 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The mounted pickets of the enemy were in sight of the bluff on our arrival, and two companies of the 27th Illinois regiment were sent after them, but they escaped.

A strong Union feeling is manifest here.

An Expedition at Savannah, Tenn.

ST. LOUIS, March 16.—A dispatch to the Democrat, from Savannah, Tennessee, says that the expedition up the Tennessee river, had nearly all arrived there, and says that the fleet was on the point of proceeding further up the river. The expedition is commanded by Gen. C. F. Smith, with Generals Sherman, McClernand, Hurlbut, and Wallace, as division commanders.

General Grant is in command at Fort Henry.

Gen. Lew. Wallace's division went to Purdy, McNairy county, Tennessee, yesterday, and burned the bridge and took up the track on the railroad leading from Humboldt to Corinth, Mississippi, cutting off a train heavily loaded with troops, which arrived when the bridge was burning.

A Tennessee rebel paper says that a large Union force has been landed at Florence, Alabama, on the Tennessee river.

Miscellaneous.

The rebels lost at the great battle of Pea Ridge 1,000 men killed, and from 2,500 to 3,000 wounded. We captured 1,000 prisoners and 13 cannon. The rebel force was estimated at 35,000. The Union loss is 600 killed and 800 wounded.

PARSON BROWNLOW has arrived at Nashville, having been released by the rebels from the Knoxville jail. It seems that the rebels still retain possession of East Tennessee.—Brownlow is in ill health. He is coming north.

WE have accounts of another cavalry skirmish near Winchester, the enemy being still in that vicinity.

RECOVERY OF THE REMAINS OF COLONEL CANRIGHT AT BULL RUN.—WASHINGTON, March 16.—The grave of Colonel Canright, having, it is said, been found at Bull Run, his body was brought to Georgetown. It was sent this afternoon to Harrisburg.

☞ At the late funeral of the wife of Rev. Mr. Brewer, in Stockbridge, Mass., the coffin was borne upon a bier by eight women, all of whom were relatives of the deceased.

LADY BARBARA.

My brains within my foolish head
  Are dancing La Tarantula,
For just beyond the dahlia bed
  I saw my Lady Barbara.
    And all my veins are filled with flame,
    And all my comrades say the same.

The Lady Barbara sits alway
  In a bower of buhl and jewellery,
Rose curtains shield her from the day,
  And she sits and broiders her broidery.
    And looks at her purple flowers which die
    In her silver vases deliciously.

And her hair comes floating lazily down
  Like ripples which a fountain makes,
Woof of gold and warp of brown,
  Like the color of Indian watersnakes.
    And she moves it quick as a swallow's wing,
    Or the wings of a bee that is murmuring.
I don't think she is a woman at all,

  Her heart is made of chameleon-skin,
Covered over with portraits small
  Of the lovers she has taken in.
    And I think I can hear her silvery laugh,
    As she looks at each poor little photograph.

Her heart is like a nautilus shell
  Afloat on seas of silver light,
Trimming and veering her sail so well
  At every breath of air in the night.
    And as quick to its nest as a harvest-mouse,
    Pfiau! at a sound it's safe in its house.

You offer yourself unask'd at her shrine,
  A foolish calf at her altar sighs,
She smiles—forgets you—and why repine?
  Gods don't care much for one sacrifice.
    Does Juggernaut care for his victims' moans,
    Or is *he* to blame for their broken bones?

She sits in splendor like the sun,
  Shining with nothing at all to do,
She expects to be worshipp'd by every one,
  But she does not much care for me or for you.
    She's a flirt and a humbug—Halte-là!
    Don't speak ill of my Lady Barbara.

C. ELTON.

THE BLOODHOUND'S REVENGE.

As many doubts have been cast upon the truth of the following story, I shall merely say, by way of preface, that I tell it as I heard it told, and that I believe it:

It is now six-and-twenty years ago last November, on the 18th day of the month, that the events occurred which I am about to relate. Twenty-six years ago; yes! on the 18th day of November one thousand eight hundred and twenty. I shall remember that date till my dying day.

My brother and I had gone to spend our vacation, at the invitation of an old friend, in a scantily populated district of Herefordshire, for the purpose of recruiting our health and shooting over his extensive estates. He himself was away, so we preferred taking up our quarters in a snug lodge in the park, to living in the cheerless magnificence of an unoccupied mansion.

With us we brought a dog: it had been sent over from Spain a few months previously as a present to my brother. He was a bloodhound, and thorough-bred, standing full forty inches high, with tapering, muscular limbs, and with a countenance so intellectual and human in its expression, that, when at rest, it appeared as though it were working out some vast problem for the future benefit of his race. For myself, I shall never believe but that that dog was a deep thinker. It was curious to watch his eye, now turned upwards thoughtfully, as if it were seeking for some calculated result—now slowly dilating and brightening as that result became plainer and plainer—now shooting out a bright ray of light, as though the long-expected illumination had burst upon him, and then slowly sinking down again, to brood upon and amplify his newly-acquired theory.

Rudolph, for that was his name, was a grand dog, and of immense strength; but his slender legs, his finely-cut head, and, let me add, his sensitive nose, gave him somewhat the appearance of an effeminate giant. Even we did not fully appreciate his enormous power till one day, on coming home, we found the iron chain that bound him snapped, and a large mastiff, that had dared to question his right to a bone, stretched dead at his feet.

Upon questioning our servant, he said he saw the mastiff jump over the low wall of the yard, and try to take possession of the bone; that Rudolph did little at first, but with a stroke of his paw, just struck the bone from the mastiff as soon as he laid hold of it; that at last the mastiff, by a jerk, tossed it out of the reach of Rudolph's chain, and was following it, when, with a yell, he sprang to his feet, took a huge leap, snapped his chain, seized the mastiff by the throat, and before he (the servant) could come up, the big brute was dead.

The farmer to whom the mastiff had belonged called next day. Though greatly grieved at the loss of his dog, which had been a great favorite, he nevertheless refused all offers on our part to make restitution, and declared that his only motive for calling was to make the acquaintance of a dog powerful enough to kill such an animal as his mastiff.

Rudolph was produced, and behaved so well, and looked so handsome, that the farmer declared he had never seen such a dog; and requested, "if it wasn't making too bold," that we should come and lunch with him some day that week, to see his farm, and bring Rudolph with us. Knowing that we could depend on him as long as he was within sight, and loth to refuse so kind a return for an injury, not the less real because unintentional, we heartily accepted the invitation for all three.

A few days afterwards, then, in accordance with this invitation, we presented ourselves at the farmer's door. The house was a long, rambling structure, nowhere more than one story high, and stretched its shapeless length round three sides of a large farmyard, containing the usual medley of pigs, ducks, manure, chickens, cows, and straw. Our host received us very kindly, introduced us to his wife, a comfortable looking body, with six small children, two in her arms, and the others peeping timidly out of different folds of her gown like little chickens. They were nice, clean-looking, Saxon children, with white hair and blue eyes. The youngest, a pretty-looking girl of about two years old, was so dreadfully frightened at the sight of our big dog, that the mother was obliged to carry her off to bed, weeping piteously with terror, aggravated, perhaps, by the pain caused by the advent of sharp little teeth.

We were ushered into a large, low room, with a great fagot lazily smouldering on the hearth, and a long table spread with a snowy, homespun cloth, and covered with substantial fare—cold sucking-pig, roast beef, and fowls. Presently the good wife came back, saying that her pretty darling had gone to sleep. The farmer produced a jug of sound old home-brewed, with an extra streak of malt in it, and what with that and the rest of the good cheer, and the good humor and pressing hospitality of our host and hostess, the first part of the day passed as pleasantly and merrily as could be. Presently, however, we were startled by hearing loud screams issuing from a distant part of the house; then they were hushed for a moment, and then they arose again louder than before. "The child! the child!" cried the mother, and rushed out of the room.

"Where's Rudolph?" said my brother.

"Oh, don't worrit yourselves," said the farmer, with his mouth full; "the dawg's found its way to the child's room, and she's squealing. That's all."

And so it proved, for presently Master Rudolph made his appearance, walking, or crawling rather, with his belly close to the ground, and his tail between his legs, closely followed by the mother, who was scolding him sharply, and beating him with a stick. "I'll teach you to go afrightening our poor little Mary, that I will—yes; and you killed poor Towser, too!" Now, whether it was at this reminiscence, or with anger brought to a pitch, as woman's anger often is, by the uninterrupted sound of her own voice, it matters little, but certainly the stick came down with greater violence than ever, and, as fate would have it, on the dog's head. He turned as if to leap at her, but seeing that I was looking at him, he retreated, but with his eye glaring with a passion which I could not believe a dog could feel or express. There was no mistaking it; it was a look of unmitigated hate.

I looked round at the faces at the table, to see if any one had taken notice of this extraordinary look; but apparently no one had. Thinking that they would only laugh at me, I resolved to say nothing about it, determined, however, never again to let the dog escape from my eye. I tried to reason with myself, and to prove how absurd it was—that I must be mistaken—that if I was not, the circumstance could still be of no moment. But do what I would, I could not shake off a vague apprehension that weighed on my mind like lead. The words of Shylock occurred again and again to me: "Hates any man the thing he would not kill?" Yes, "any *man*," 'twas true enough of a man; but it was absurd to apply it to a dog, reasoned I with myself. "Pish! Nonsense! Absurd!" But still that dog's face haunted me.

I was aroused from my morbid reveries by the voice of our host asking us to come for a stroll over the farm. I immediately jumped up, called Rudolph to follow, and out we went. Nothing occurred in our walk which is worth mentioning now. We saw some gigantic turnips, and Brobdingnagian mangel-wurzel, and were much edified by a long lecture at each gate, upon what such and such a field had produced last year, the quantity of wheat that such another yielded to the acre, and statistics of the partridges he had once killed in one day among "them turnups."

When we came back again, the farmer gave us over to his wife, to be shown the farmyard. From the peculiar structure of the house before mentioned, every room in it overlooked this yard. "That room," began our show-woman, "over there, is me and my good man's room; just above the shed with the strawberry calf. Oh, you must come and look at my calf—he's such a pet of mine! There, isn't he a beauty? And to think he's got to be killed! Why weren't you a cow, you silly? And that window there, gentlemen—that little window—just above the pigsty, next to ours, that's my sweet darling baby's little room. Oh, you must come and see our pigsty, with our poor dear sow, with her last little white piggy—you've just eaten its eldest brother, sir; that is, we called it the eldest, but, of course, sir, you know, sir (here the poor woman blushed up to her merry eyes,) that they weren't none of 'em older than the other. And there's the hen-house, and just above's where Mary sleeps; and there's the stables; and that's poor old Smiler, sir, thirty years old, and as sound as a roach; and —— What's that?"

It was the baby crying again, and the mother, begging us to excuse her, rushed off to comfort her poor little darling. When the cries ceased, I became aware of a growling noise, like low thunder, that seemed to proceed from something behind me. I turned and saw Rudolph showing his teeth, with his eyes fixed intently, with the same awful expression, on the little window above the pigsty.

I had never during the whole of the day forgotten that look, and when I saw it again, unable to conquer my fears, I determined I would not rest till I had seen the dog safely chained up in his kennel at home; and so, hurriedly saying that I did not feel well, and asking the farmer to make our excuses to his wife, I walked away with my brother, calling Rudolph after me. When we reached home, I felt tired, and telling the servant to chain up the dog, I went in and threw myself on the sofa.

I suppose it must have been about three hours after this that I was startled from a sleep that had forced itself upon me, by my brother's voice: "Hollo!" he said, "wake up! what nonsense you're talking; something about—'easy leap for a dog like him'—'over the pigsty'—'open window.' I declare you quite frightened me when you cried out in an awful voice: 'The child, the child!' You've eaten too much sucking-pig."

I had had a most dreadful dream. I dreamed that I was in the farm-yard that we had lately quitted, and that I saw Rudolph in the distance, carrying off something white, and the ground was covered with snow. Then I heard a shriek, and turning towards the place whence it seemed to proceed, I saw the farmer's wife at the little window, pointed out as that of the baby's room, and which was open, gesticulating wildly. Then I remembered calculating what an easy leap it would be, for a dog like Rudolph, on to the window sill, and then I heard a voice crying out—"Save it! save it!" and then I was awaked.

The first thing I said was, "Is Rudolph safe?"

"I suppose so," said my brother, leaving the room.

Presently he cried; "Come here!"

I ran down stairs, and saw—an empty kennel. The servant had chained the dog carelessly and he had slipped his collar, and made off.

"A strange thing is mental electricity," resumed Mr. Grimber, after a short pause, during which he seemed greatly agitated with the recollections he had recited, and as if he found some difficulty in gathering up his strength to proceed—"a very, very strange thing electricity."

We both gazed for a moment at the empty collar; then we both started, as if by a mutual and sudden impulse, and looked face to face; and then, without a word, I knew that he had observed the expression of the dog's eye, that he had as carefully concealed his fears as I had, and that he felt with myself, that to the farmhouse, and nowhere else, had the dog gone. He was the first to speak.

"There is no time to be lost; we must set off immediately."

In two minutes we were on our way to the farmhouse, he taking the lead.

The house was about two miles distant, and we set off running. So engrossed were our thoughts, that we had gone some distance before we found out something that made us both suddenly stop.

It was snowing, and the ground was half changed from black to white.

"Dream coming true," we both muttered.

When we had got within a stone throw of our destination, we saw a large animal bounding away to our right, and I thought I saw something white in its mouth.

"Rudolph!" we both said, in a breath.

"Did you not see something white in its mouth?" I asked.

"No," said he; "it must have been the snow."

This seemed so reasonable an explanation, that I assented to it at once, and hastened onwards.

We agreed to go to the farmyard first, not wishing to disturb the house needlessly. All seemed still enough, till, looking up to the often-mentioned window, we saw the farmer's wife in her night dress, standing just as I had seen her in my dream, gesticulating wildly. We heard her ejaculate, "Save it! save it!" and without waiting a moment, rushed back to the road.

It had left off snowing. The footsteps of the dog, thanks to the snow that had fallen, were plainly perceptible, and they turned off through a gap in the hedge. We followed. Straight across the field showed the track, now lighted for a minute by the moon peeping out from a cloud, now lost again in the darkness. Over three fields we passed thus, when I saw, with terror hardly possible to describe, that the track became dotted, occasionally at first, and afterwards thicker and thicker, with small black dots. I stooped, and my worst fears were realized—it was blood. How that discovery spurred us on! Over field and hedge and ditch we went, following that dreadful trail, which became more hideously apparent at every step. Over fences, through dykes, tearing, leaping, jumping, we went, caring not how, so that we only sped on: with our heads pressed forward, our tongues hot in our mouths, and our hearts beating audibly. At last, to our surprise, we caught sight of Rudolph tearing away before us; then he leaped a low wall, and was lost. How could we possibly have caught him up? We were forced continually to deviate from the straight path, now in order to find a gap in some hedge through which we could crawl, now to discover a narrower path of some ditch over which to jump, now, on account of the darkness, losing the track altogether. How could *we* have caught him up? We soon came to the cause—a pool of blood. Here, then, he must have stopped to make an end to the struggles of his poor victim; here, then, he must have stayed to regale his brutal appetite! Revenge, however, would not wait for tears, and without stopping a moment, we hurried to the wall over which the beast had disappeared.

To our surprise, we found it was the wall of our own yard, and leaping over it, we discovered, alas! that we were too, too late; for there, with a lamp in his hand, shedding a dim light over the dreadful scene, stood our servant, James, and there, in a corner, crouching like a guilty thing, lay Rudolph, and by his side the mangled remains of the poor little —*sucking pig!*

BIRTHS AND THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.

Monday's bairn is fair of face;
Tuesday's bairn is full of grace;
Wednesday's bairn's the child of woe;
Thursday's bairn has far to go;
Friday's bairn is loving and giving;
Saturday's bairn works hard for his living;
But the bairn that's born on the blythe Sunday
Is lucky, and bonny, and wise, and gay.

☞ Young Giles, who is just beginning to learn French, wants to know how it is, if they have no *u* in that language, that "them chaps can spell wagon."

THE CLERGYMAN AND THE PEER.

In King street, London, is, or was some years ago, "Randall's Commercial Boarding-House," a favorite stopping-place for American travellers. Many Englishmen also frequented it, finding the *table d'hote* more agreeable than the usual private dinners of the English hotels. Some years ago among the guests was the genial and eloquent Dr. M'Clintock, with a party of friends, and our clergyman, whom I will call the Rev. Luke Robbins, though that was not his name. One day "Mac"—as he is familiarly called, Doctor of Divinity though he be—said to the Reverend Luke:

"Mr. Robbins, I had hoped to have been able to offer you a treat this evening. A "field-night" is expected in the House of Lords. I expected to have had three orders for admission to the gallery, one of which was to be for you. Unfortunately I could get only two—so I cannot ask you to join us."

"I am much obliged to you, but I am going to the Lords this evening."

"Indeed! How did you get your order?"

"I have no order."

"Then you cannot be admitted to the gallery."

"I am not going to the gallery. I shall go upon the floor."

"Impossible. No one is admitted there unless specially introduced by a Peer."

"Oh, I've travelled before; and I never found any difficulty in going where I wished. You'll see me there."

After infinite crowding and pushing, Dr. M'Clintock and his friend made their way to their places in the gallery. They were hardly seated when, looking down upon the floor, they saw the Reverend Luke walk in, as calm as a summer morning, accompanied by an elderly gentleman, with the ugliest nose and the worst-fitting pair of plaid trowsers in the Three Kingdoms. There was no mistaking that nose. It was Lord Brougham. All the evening his lordship appeared much more attentive to his American friend than to the proceedings of the House. At length, among the small hours, Brougham arose and delivered a short but fiery philippic. At its close the clergyman shook hands with his lordship, and walked out.

Returning to his hotel an hour later, Dr. M'Clintock found Mr. Robbins quietly sipping his coffee in the parlor, with a number of the English guests.

"Mr. Robbins," said the Doctor, "we saw you in the Peers with Lord Brougham. I did not know that you were acquainted with him."

"I was not. I never saw him till to-night."

"You had letters of introduction to him?"

"No, nothing of the kind."

"Then how did you manage it?"

"It's a very simple affair—hardly worth mentioning," replied the Reverend Luke, indifferently. "But as you seem curious I will tell you, though it is hardly worth relating. I walked up to the Peers' entrance, where I was stopped by an official.

"'This is the Peers' entrance,' he said. 'You cannot pass. If you have an order for the gallery, go to the proper door.'

"'I understand perfectly. Send my card, if you please, to Lord Brougham.'

"'To Lord Brougham! Certainly. I beg your pardon. Pass on if you please.'

"I was stopped once or twice more before I reached the ante-room; but I merely said, 'My card has been sent to Lord Brougham.' Nothing more was needed. I had waited but a few minutes in the ante-room when Brougham came in. I knew him from his portraits. He had my card in his hand, and was reading it through his eye-glass. I advanced to meet him.

"'The Reverend Luke Robbins, of America, I presume,' he said.

"'Yes, my lord; and as an American I can ask your lordship's courtesy. In America no name is more highly honored than that of Henry Brougham. From childhood I have known and admired your lordship's writings; and now being in England, I could not be satisfied without meeting you. And understanding that this was to be a "field-night" in the House, I have taken the liberty of requesting your lordship to do me the favor of introducing me upon the floor.'

"'I shall have great pleasure in doing so,' said Brougham; and we went in. His lordship pointed out to me all the celebrities present. At last, when I thought the session was drawing to a close, I said:

"'Pardon me, my lord. But I had understood that your lordship was to speak to-night. I hope I was not misinformed; for I shall ever think I have failed in half the object of my travels if I have not heard your lordship speak.'

"'Well, Mr. Robbins,' he said, 'I had not intended to speak to-night; but if it will afford you any gratification, I will do so with pleasure.'

"Shortly after, he rose and spoke, as you heard. I then said to him, 'Having heard your lordship, I have no wish to listen to anything after. I will take my leave. Should your lordship ever come to America, I shall be most happy to repay your courtesy.'

"'Should I ever visit America,' he answered, 'I shall be most happy to avail myself of your kindness.'

"I took my leave, and came home. This is the whole affair—a very simple matter, as you see; hardly worth relating, as I told you in the beginning."

The Englishmen had sat listening with staring eyes to this cool narrative, related in the quietest manner. Whether this was a true statement of the case, or whether it was an elaborate piece of mystification got up by the Reverend Luke, was never, I believe, explained. The fact, however, is undoubted, that he was introduced upon the floor of the House of Peers by Lord Brougham. How this was brought about, no one knows to this day but the two principals themselves.—*Harper's Magazine.*

THE GOLDEN FUTURE.

Ah, yes! ah, yes! we see it all,
  A golden country gleams before us,
God still is God, whate'er befall,
  Flowers bloom below, stars radiate o'er us,
  There gleams a golden land before us.

Above the mist, above the cloud,
  Above the darkness and the thunder,
While storms are roaring, wild and loud,
  Calm shines a world of awe and wonder,
  And there is silence o'er the thunder.

Then, oh, my brothers, trust and love;
  A golden country lies before us,
With man around us, God above,
  And truth and beauty doming o'er us,
  A golden country gleams before us.

A WORD TO YOUNG MISTRESSES.

Do not be in a hurry, as soon as you are married, to hire a kitchenful of servants. Consider first what your means will properly allow, and what will really add to domestic comfort, rather than what will gratify your own regard to appearances.

Your parents may have been prosperous, and possessed of sufficient means to justify their keeping many servants; but that does not make it either necessary or right that you should do the same. Perhaps they did not when they were setting out in life, which may be one reason why they can afford to do it now. At any rate, their doing so does not give you a claim to the same indulgence (if such it may be called,) as it is your husband's circumstances, and not your parents', that you are now to consider. Not a few unsuccessful young tradesmen may trace their difficulties to a want of proper caution in this respect. And who is there that would not shrink from the idea of her husband being classed among the unsuccessful? Let the young wife remember, then, that much of her husband's success is in her power.

As to the necessity of keeping more than one servant—I will repeat a rough rhyme which I met with the other day, when amusing myself by looking over an old copy-book, wherein my great, great-aunt had been taught, at one and the same time, good writing and a variety of wholesome truths:

"When I a servant had, I *had* one then;
When two—I had but half a one; and when
I had three servants—I had none at all,
Thus was I served by one, two, three, and all."

This was the oft-repeated writing copy of a little girl in the year 1721. Perhaps it then proved a puzzle to her; but no doubt she afterwards understood it very well, for she lived to a good old age. And those young ones who read and cannot understand it now, may ask an explanation of some elderly friend, and well will it be if they profit by the experience of others, and so avoid the countless troubles induced by needlessly adding to their expenses and responsibilities in the unnecessary hire of servants.

The copy would seem to express that a mistress may be better served—that is, have more real help, from only one servant than from two, or even three.

No doubt this is often the case—especially where the mistress herself is young and inexperienced. It is not uncommon for a young mistress to hire a young servant, with the idea of "bringing her up to her own way, and so forming a servant that she will like." Ninety-nine times in a hundred this scheme proves a failure; for if the mistress is successful in training a girl, the most frequent ending is, that she wishes to exercise her newly acquired knowledge in a "better place," and the mistress is left to train another, if she chooses. Generally, however, mistress and maid being both practically inexperienced, they blunder on together for a time amidst much discomfort, until the maid thinks she has too much to do, and the mistress is persuaded to hire a second to help the first, and soon finds that a third is wanted to help them, and that with them all she has no addition of ease, but that discomfort and expenses are greatly and unjustifiably increased.

How is the mistress to extricate herself from such a maze? She must believe that it is not more hands but knowledge and management that is needed, and that one capable servant would be of more use to her than three, whom she cannot guide, and who cannot guide themselves.

GIRLS.—There are two kinds of girls. One is the kind that appears the best abroad—the girls that are good for parties, rides, visits, balls, etc., and whose chief delight is in such things. The other is the kind that appears best at home—the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining-room, the sick-room, and all the precincts of home. They differ widely in character. One is often a torment at home, the other is a blessing. One is a moth, consuming everything about her; the other is a sunbeam, inspiring life and gladness all along her pathway. Now it does not necessarily follow that there shall be two classes of girls. The right education will modify both a little, and unite their good qualities in one.

AN ESQUIMAUX FIDDLE.—The Esquimaux are fond of music and dancing, are apt mechanics, and will readily imitate anything they see. For example, I showed one a violin, and on a visit to his wigwam some months after, I found he had manufactured an instrument from the birch-tree, the strings being made from the seal-gut. The most curious part was the bow. On asking him how he managed to make it, he pointed with a smile to his wife's head, and sure enough I found the hair on the head and that on the bow corresponded.—*Recollections of Labrador Life.*

☞ The greatest charm of books is perhaps that we see in them that other men have suffered as we have. Some souls we ever find who could have responded to all our agony, be it what it may. This at least robs misery of its loneliness.

HOW MR. BEECHER LOST HIS BOOTS

The following is in Henry Ward Beecher's best vein:

The difference between 7 and 8 is not very great; only a single unit. And yet that difference has power over a man's whole temper, convenience and dignity. Thus, at Buffalo, my boots were set out at night to be blacked. In the morning no boots were there, though all the neighboring rooms had been served. I rang. I rang twice. "A pretty hotel—nearly eight o'clock, going out at nine, breakfast to be eaten, and no boots yet." The waiter came, took my somewhat emphatic order, and left. Every minute was an hour. It always is when you are out of temper. A man in his stocking feet, in the third story of a hotel, finds himself restricted in locomotion. I went to the door, looked up and down the hall, saw frowzy chambermaids; saw afar off, the master of the coal scuttle; saw gentlemen walking in bright boots, unconscious of the privileges they enjoyed, but did not see any one coming with my boots. A German servant at length came, round and ruddy faced, very kind and good-natured, honest and stupid. He informed me that a gentleman had already taken boots 78 (my number). He would hunt him up—thought he was breakfasting. Here was a new vexation. Who was the man who had taken my number, and gone for my boots?—Somebody had them on, warm and nice, and was enjoying his coffee, while I walked up and down, with less and less patience, who had none too much at first. No servant returned. I rang again, and sent energetic and staccato messengers to the office. Some water had been spilled on the floor. I stepped into it, of course. In winter, cold water feels as if it burned you. Unpacked my valise for new stockings. Time was speeding. It was a quarter past eight; train at nine, no boots and no breakfast. I slipped on a pair of sandal rubbers, too large by inches for my naked foot, and while I shuffled along the hall, they played up and down on my feet. First, one shot off; that secured, the other dropped on the stairs; people that I met looked as if they thought that I was not well over my last night's spree.

It was very annoying. Reached the office and expressed my mind. First, the clerk rang the bell furiously three times, then ran forth himself, met the German boots, who had boots 79 in his hand, narrow and long, thinking, perhaps, I could wear them. Who knows but 79 had my boots? Some curiosity was beginning to be felt among the bystanders. It was likely that I should have half the hotel inquiring after my boots. I abhor a scene. Retreated to my room. On the way thought I, I would look at room 77's boots. Behold, they were there! There was the broken pull-straps; the patch on the right side, and the very shape of *my* toe—infallible signs! The fellow had marked them 77, and not 78. And all this hour's tumult arose from just the difference between 7 and 8.

I lost my boots, lost the train, lost my temper, and, of course, lost my good manners. Everybody does that loses temper. But boots on, breakfast served, a cup of coffee brought peace and good-will. The whole matter took a ludicrous aspect. I moralized upon that infirmity which puts a man's peace at the mercy of a Dutchman's chalk. Had he written seventy-eight, I had been a good-natured man, looking at Niagara Falls in its winter dress. He wrote seventy-seven, and I fumed, saw only my own falls, and spent the day in Buffalo!

Are not most of the pets and rubs of life such as this? Few men could afford to-morrow, to review the things that vexed them yesterday. We boast of being free, yet every man permits the most arrant trifles to rule and ride him. A man that is vexed and angry and turns the worst part of himself into sight, and exhibits himself in buffoon's coat and fool's cap, and walks forth to be jeered! And yet one's temper does worse by him than that. And men submit to it, not once, but often, and sometimes every day! I wonder whether these sage reflections will make me patient and quiet the next time my boots are misplaced!

ANSWERING PRAYER.

I had rather have a good man's prayers laid up in Heaven for me, than anything a King could give. It is good to ask for physical and external things—we need them, and we get them. It is good to ask for secular benefits; but, ah, "man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth;" a man's life *is* joy, peace, faith, immateriality—it is *heart*. In that realm where heart is, there is the realm of God's answering of prayers; and there he hears us pray for others, and others pray for us. And the prayers are not instantly answered. The answers are reserved, because the multitudes of things asked for have to be wrought out, and not because God is indifferent, or wishes to tantalize His creatures. I do not think that God sits and trifles with us, as we do with our children when we hold out tempting fruit towards them, and then, when they have reached after it, and almost clasped it, draw it back. There is no such trifling with us by the Divine Being as that. But if my child asks me for a tuberose, though I plant a bulb immediately, and comply with his request at the earliest possible moment, months necessarily elapse before he gets the flower. And the reason why our prayers are not answered at once, is not because God would tantalize us, but because the things for which we ask are so large, and require such a development, that there is of necessity a space between asking and the getting.—*From Beecher's Sermons.*

☞ Mr. Bancroft, a member of the British Parliament, recently made a speech on female education, in which he illustrated the present system by referring to a school in which it appeared that almost every girl had a crinoline, but hardly any possessed a pocket handkerchief.

THE CAVALRY CHARGE.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

With bray of the trumpet,
And roll of the drum,
And keen ring of bugle,
The cavalry come.
Sharp clank the steel scabbards,
The bridle-chains ring,
And foam from red nostrils
The wild chargers fling.

Tramp! tramp! o'er the greensward
That quivers below,
Scarce held by the curb-bit
The fierce horses go:
And the grim-visaged colonel
With ear-reading shout,
Peals forth to the squadrons
The order—"Trot out!"

One hand on the sabre,
And one on the rein,
The troopers move forward
In line on the plain.
As rings the word "gallop!"
The steel scabbards clank,
And each rowel is pressed
To a horse's hot flank;
And swift is their rush
As the wild torrent's flow
When it pours from the crag
On the valley below.

"Charge!" thunders the leader:
Like shaft from the bow
Each mad horse is hurled
On the wavering foe.
A thousand bright sabres
Are gleaming in air,
A thousand dark horses
Are dashed on the square.

Restless and reckless
Of aught may betide,
Like demons, not mortals,
The wild troopers ride.
Cut right! and cut left!
For the parry who needs?
The bayonets shiver
Like wind-shattered reeds.

Vain—vain the red volley
That bursts from the square—
The random-shot bullets
Are wasted in air.
Triumphant, remorseless,
Unerring as death—
No sabre that's stainless
Returns to its sheath.

The wounds that are dealt
By that murderous steel
Will never yield ease
For the surgeon to heal.
Hurrah! they are broken—
Hurrah! boys, they fly—
None linger save those
Who but linger to die.

Rein up your hot horses,
And call in your men—
The trumpets sound "Rally
To color" again.
Some saddles are empty,
Some comrades are slain,
And some noble horses
Lie stark on the plain.
But war's a chance-game, boys,
And weeping is vain.

THE INDIAN SCOUT.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

COMPLICATIONS.

While these events were taking place in Quiepas Tani, others we must narrate were occurring in the camp of the Gambusinos.

Don Miguel, after parting from Marksman at the outskirts of the forest, returned thoughtfully to the spot where his comrades awaited him. It was evident that the bold adventurer, dissatisfied in his heart at the turn affairs had taken, was meditating some desperate project to get near the maidens. He had spent several hours on the top of the isolated mound, which commanded the whole plain, and which we have before visited, and thence carefully studied the position of the city.

Clearly, this young man, with his ardent character and impetuous passions, consented very unwillingly to play a second part in an expedition in which he had been hitherto the leader; his pride revolted at being compelled to obey another, even though he were his devoted friend, and he could count on him as on himself.

He reproached himself for allowing Marksman to expose himself thus alone to terrible dangers, for a cause which was his own. The true reason, however, which he did not dare confess to himself, that, in short, would have gladly made him brave the greatest perils, and evidently that instinct which impelled him to revolt secretly against Marksman's prudence, and to take his place at all risks, was his love for Dona Laura de Real del Monte.

He loved her with that powerful and invincible love, which only chosen natures are capable of experiencing; a love which grows with obstacles, and which, when it has once taken possession of the heart of a man like Don Leo, makes him accomplish the most daring and extraordinary deeds.

This love was the more deeply rooted in the young man's heart, because he was completely ignorant of its existence, and believed he merely acted through the affection he felt for the young girls, and the pity their unhappy position inspired him with. If it were so at the outset, as is true, for he did not know Dona Laura, matters had completely changed since.

A young man does not travel with impunity side by side with a maiden for more than a month, seeing her incessantly, talking with her at every moment of the day, and not fall in love with her.

There is in woman a certain charm, which we do not attempt to account for, which seems to emanate from their being, to be impregnated with all that surrounds them, which seduces and subjugates the strongest men involuntarily.

The silky rustling of their dress, the soft and airy turn of the waist, the intoxicating perfume of their floating tresses, the pure limpidness of their dreamy glance, which is turned toward heaven, and tries to guess the secrets of which they are ignorant; all, in short, in these incomprehensible and innocent beings, seems to command adoration, and appeal to love.

Dona Laura especially possessed that fascinating magnetism of the eye, that slightly infantile gentleness of smile, which annihilate the will.

When her large blue eyes, veiled by long black lashes, kindly settled on the young man, and were pensively fixed on him, he felt a quiver over his body, a chill at his heart, and, internally affected by a sensation of immense and unknown pleasure, he wished to die then at the feet of her, who to him was no longer a creature of the earth, but an angel.

During the irregular course of his life, all the adventurer's acquaintance with the other sex was what the corrupt society of Mexico could offer; that is, the hideous and repulsive side. Accident, by suddenly bringing him in contact with a pure and innocent girl, like her he had saved, produced a complete revolution in his ideas, by making him understand that, until that day, woman, such as Heaven created her for man, had remained an utter stranger to him.

Hence, without noticing it, and quite naturally, he yielded to the charm that unconsciously acted on him, and had learned to love Dona Laura with all the active strength of his mind, not attempting to explain the new feeling which had seized on him; happy in the present, and not wishing to think of the future, which would probably never exist for him.

Disregard of the future is generally the character of all lovers; they only see, and cannot see beyond, the present, by which they feel, through which they suffer, or are happy; in which, in a word, they have their being.

Possibly Don Leo, hidden in the heart of the desert with the girl he had so miraculously saved, had for a few days caressed in his heart the hope of eternal happiness with her he loved, far from cities and their dangerous intoxication; but that thought, if ever he entertained it, had irrevocably faded away upon the fortuitous appearance of Don Mariano; the meeting with Dona Laura's father must eternally annihilate the plans formed by the young man.

The blow was a heavy one; still, thanks to his iron will, he endured it bravely, believing that it would be easy for him to forget the girl in the vortex of the adventurer's life to which he was condemned.

Unfortunately for Don Leo, he was obliged to undergo the common lot; that is to say, his love grew in an inverse ratio to the immovable obstacles that had suddenly arisen; and it was precisely when he recognized that she could never be his, owing to reasons of family and fortune, which raised an insurmountable barrier between them, that he understood it was impossible for him to live without her.

Then, no longer striving to cure the wound in his heart, he yielded completely to that love, which was his life, and only dreamed of one thing—to die in saving her he loved, so as to draw a word of gratitude from her in his final hour, and perhaps leave a soft and sad memory in her soul.

We can understand that, under such feelings, Don Leo absolutely insisted on delivering the maidens himself, hence, from the moment he parted from his friend, he thought of nothing but the means to enter the city, and see her.

It was in this temper that he returned to the camp. Don Mariano was sad; Brighteye himself seemed to be in a bad temper; in short, all conspired to plunge him deeper and deeper in his gloom.

Several hours passed, and the adventurers did not interchange a word; but at about two in the afternoon, the hour of the greatest heat, the sentries signalled the approach of a party of horsemen. All ran to their arms, but soon saw that the new comers were Ruperto and his cuadrilla, whom Don Mariano's servants had found and brought with them.

Bermudez, following the injunctions he had received from Marksman, had wished Ruperto to shut himself up with his men in the river cavern; but the hunter would listen to nothing, saying that his comrades had gone further on the sacred soil of the Redskins than they had ever done before; that they ran the risk at any moment of being crushed by numbers, massacred, or made prisoners; that he would not abandon them in such a critical position without trying to go to their help; and so, in spite of all the criado's observations, the worthy hunter, who possessed a tolerably strong share of obstinacy, pushed on, until he at length found the encampment of his friends.

Twice or thrice during his journey he had come to blows with the Indians; but these slight skirmishes, far from moderating his ardor, had no other result than to urge him to haste; for now that the Redskins knew that detachments of palefaces were wandering in the vicinity of the city, they would not fail to assemble in large numbers, in order to deal a great blow, and free themselves from all their daring enemies at once.

The arrival of the Gambusinos was greeted with shouts; Ruperto especially was heartily welcomed by Don Miguel, who was delighted at this reinforcement of resolute men at the moment he least expected it.

The apathy which had fallen on the adventurers gave place to the greatest activity.—When the new comers had performed their various duties, groups were formed, and conversation commenced with the vivacity and loquaciousness peculiar to Southern races.

Ruperto was the more pleased at his happy idea of pushing on, when he learned that there were not only Redskin encampments in the vicinity, but that one of their most sacred cities was close at hand.

"*Canarios!*" he said, "we shall have to keep sharp watch, if we do not wish to lose our scalps ere long. These incarnate demons will not let us tread their soil in peace."

"Yes," Don Leo remarked, carelessly; "I believe we had better not let ourselves be surprised."

"Hum!" Brighteye remarked; "it would be a disagreeable surprise that brought a swarm of Redskins on our backs. You cannot imagine how these devils fight, when they are in large bodies. I remember that, in 18—, when I was—"

"And the most exposed of us all is Marksman," Don Leo said, cutting Brighteye short, who sat, open mouthed. "I am sorry that I let him go alone."

"He was not alone," the Canadian answered. "You know very well, Don Miguel, that Flying Eagle and his cihuatl, as they call their wives, accompanied him."

Don Miguel looked at the hunter.

"Do you put great faith in the Redskins, Brighteye?" he asked him.

"Hum!" the latter remarked, scratching his head; "that is according; and if I must tell the truth, I will say that I do not trust them at all."

"You see, then, that he was really alone. Who knows what has happened to him in that accursed city, in the midst of those incarnate demons? I confess to you that my alarm is great, and that I am fearfully afraid of a catastrophe."

"Yet his disguise was perfect."

"Possibly. Marksman is thoroughly acquainted with Indian manners, and speaks their language like his mother tongue. But what will that avail him, if he has been denounced by a traitor?"

"Hollao!" Brighteye said; "a traitor? Whom are you alluding to?"

"Why, to Flying Eagle, caramba, or his wife, for only those two know him."

"Listen, Don Miguel," Brighteye remarked, seriously; "permit me to tell you my way of thinking frankly; you do wrong in speaking as you now do."

"I!" the young man exclaimed, sharply. "And why so, if you please?"

"Because you only know very slightly—and what you know of them is good—the people you are dishonoring by that epithet. I have known Flying Eagle for many a long year; he was quite a child when I saw him for the first time, and I have always found in him the staunchest good faith and honor. All the time he remained in our company, he rendered us services, or, at any rate, tried to render them to us; and, to settle matters, all of us generally, and yourself in particular, are under great obligations to him. It would be more than ingratitude to forget them."

The worthy hunter uttered this defence of his friend with an ardor and firm tone which confused Don Miguel.

"Pardon me, my old friend," he said, in a conciliatory voice; "I was wrong, I allow; but, surrounded by enemies as we are, threatened at each moment with becoming victims to a traitor,—and Domingo's example is there to corroborate my statement—I allowed myself to be carried away by the idea—"

"Any idea attacking the honor of Flying Eagle," Brighteye sharply interrupted, "is necessarily false. Who knows whether, at this moment, while we are discussing his good faith, he may not be risking his life on our behalf?"

These words produced a sensation on the hearers; there was a momentary silence, which the Canadian soon broke, by continuing:—

"But I am not angry with you. You are young, and, from that very fact, your tongue often goes faster than your thoughts; but, I entreat you, pay attention to it, for it might entail dire consequences. But enough on the subject. I remember a singular adventure which occurred to me in 1851. I was coming from—"

"Now that I reflect more seriously," Don Miguel interrupted, "I fully allow that I was in the wrong."

"I am happy that you allow it so frankly. Then we will say no more about it."

"Very good; and now returning to the old subject, I confess to you that I also feel anxious about Marksman."

"There, you see."

"Yes, but for other reasons than those you bring forward."

Tell me them."

"Oh! they are very simple. Marksman is a brave and honest hunter, thoroughly up to Indian roguery; but he has no one to back him up. Flying Eagle would prove of but slight assistance to him; if he were detected, the brave Chief could only be killed by his side; and he would be so, I am convinced."

"And I, too; but what good would that do them? How, after that catastrophe, should we succeed in saving the maidens?"

Brighteye shook his head.

"Yes," he said, "there is the difficulty; that is the knot of the matter. Unfortunately, it is by no means easy to remedy that eventuality, which, I trust, will not present itself."

"We must trust so; but if it did, what should we do?"

"What should we do?"

"Yes."

"Hum! You ask me a question, Don Miguel, which it is by no means easy to answer."

"Well, supposing it to be so, we must still find means of escaping from the false position in which we shall find ourselves."

"That is quite certain."

"Well, then?"

"Then, on my word, I do not know what I should do. Look you, I am not a man who looks so far ahead. When a misfortune occurs, it is time to remedy it, without bothering your brains so long beforehand. All that I can say to you, Caballero, is that, for the moment, instead of remaining here, stupidly planted like a flamingo that has lost a wing, I would give a good deal to be in that accursed city, in a position to watch over my old comrade."

"Is that the truth? Are you really the man to attempt such an enterprise?" Don Miguel exclaimed, joyously.

The hunter looked at him in surprise.

"Do you doubt it?" he said. "When did you ever hear me boast of things which I was not capable of doing?"

"Do not be angry, my old friend," Don Miguel answered, quickly; "your words caused me so much pleasure that, at the first blush, I did not dare to believe them."

"You must always put faith in my words, young man," Brighteye remarked, sententiously.

"Do not be afraid," Don Miguel said, with a laugh, "in future I will not doubt them."

"All right, then."

"Listen to me. If you like, we will attempt the affair together."

"Enter the city?"

"Yes."

"By Jove! that *is* an idea," Brighteye answered, quite delighted.

"Is it not?"

"Yes; but how shall we manage to get in?"

"Leave that all to me."

"Good! Then I will not trouble myself about it further; but there is another matter."

"What now?"

"We are not presentable in this state," the hunter said, pointing, with a laugh, to his attire; "by painting my face and hands, I might pass at a push; but you cannot."

"That is true. Well, let we alone, I will prepare an Indian dress with which you can find no fault. During that time, do you disguise yourself in your way."

"It will soon be done."

"And mine too."

The two men rose delighted, though probably from different reasons. Brighteye was happy at going to his friend's assistance, while Don Miguel only thought of Dona Laura, whom he hoped to see again.

At the moment they rose, Don Mariano stopped them.

"Are you speaking seriously, Caballeros?" he asked them.

"Certainly," they answered; "most seriously."

"Very good, then. I shall go with you."

"What!" Don Miguel exclaimed, falling back in stupefaction. "Are you mad, Don Mariano? You, who do not know the Indians, and cannot speak a word of their language, to venture into this wasp's nest. It would be suicide."

"No!" the old man answered, resolutely. "I wish to see my child again."

Don Miguel had not the courage to combat a resolution so clearly announced, so he let his head sink without answering; but Brighteye did not regard the matter from that light. Perfectly cool, and consequently seeing far and correctly, he understood the disastrous consequences Don Mariano's presence would have for them.

"Pardon me," he said, "but with your permission, Caballero, I fancy you have not carefully considered the resolution you have just formed."

"Caballeros, a father does not reflect when he wishes to see a child, whom he never hoped to hold to his heart again."

"That is true. Still I would remark that what you propose doing, far from helping you to see your daughter again, will, on the contrary, sever her from you for ever."

"What do you mean?"

"A very simple thing. Don Miguel and myself are going to mix among Indians, whom we shall have great difficulty in deceiving, though we know them. If you accompany us, the following will inevitably happen:—At the first glance, the Redskins will see you are a white man, and then, you understand, nothing can save you, or us either. Now, if you insist, we will be off. I am ready to follow you. A man can only die once; so as well to-day as to-morrow."

Don Mariano sighed.

"I was mad," he muttered. "I knew not what I said. Pardon me; but I so longed to see my daughter again."

"Have faith in us, poor father," Don Miguel said, tenderly; "by what we have already done, judge what we are still able to do. We will attempt impossibilities to restore her who is so dear to you."

Don Mariano, succumbing to the emotion which overpowered him, had not the strength to reply. With eyes filled with tears, he pressed the young man's hand, and sat down again.

The two adventurers then prepared for the dangerous expedition they meditated, by disguising themselves.

Owing to their acquaintance with Indian habits, they succeeded in producing costumes harmonizing with the characters they wished to assume, and in giving themselves a thorough Indian look.

When all the preparations were completed, Don Miguel confided the command of the cuadrilla to Ruperto, recommending him to exercise the utmost vigilance, and telling him the signal agreed on with Marksman. Then after a final pressure of Don Mariano's hand, who was still plunged in the deepest grief, the two daring adventurers took leave of their comrades, threw their rifles on their shoulders, and set out in the direction of Quiepas Tani, accompanied by several Gambusinos and by Ruperto, who was glad to learn the situation of the city, so as to know how to post his men so that they could run up at the first signal.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A WALK IN THE DARK.

The sun was setting as the Gambusinos reached the skirt of the forest and the limit of the covert.

Before them, at a distance of about four miles, rose the city, amid the verdure of the plain, which formed a girdle of flowers and grass.

The night fell rapidly, the darkness grew momentarily heavier, mingling, all the varieties of the scenery in a sombre mass; the hour in short was most propitious for trying the bold experiment on which they were resolved. They whispered a last farewell to their comrades, and boldly entered the tall grass, in the centre of which they speedily disappeared.

Fortunately for the adventurers, who would have found it impossible to find their way in the darkness, the tracks of horsemen and foot passengers proceeding to the city, or coming from it, had traced long paths, all leading direct to one of the gates.

The two men walked along, side by side, for a long time in silence; each was thinking deeply on the probable results of this desperate tentative. In the first moment of enthusiasm, they had dreamed but slightly of the countless difficulties they must meet on their path, and the obstacles which would doubtlessly at every moment rise before them; they had only regarded the object they wished to attain. But now that they were cool, many things to which they had not paid attention, or which they would not allow to check them, presented themselves to their thoughts, and, as so frequently happens, made them regard their expedition under a very different light. Their object now appeared to them almost impossible to gain, and obstacles grew up, as it were, under their feet. Unfortunately these judicious reflections arrived too late; they must advance at all risks, or else appear ridiculous in all eyes.

All was calm and tranquil, however; there was not a breath in the air, not a sound on the prairie, and, as the stars gradually appeared in the sky, a pale and trembling gleam slightly modified the darkness, and rendered it less intense, and they began to see sufficiently well to be able to proceed without hesitation.

Brighteye was not particularly satisfied with his comrade's obstinate silence; the worthy hunter was rather fond of talking, especially under circumstances like those he found himself in at present; hence he resolved to make his companion talk,—in the first place, to hear a human voice, a reason which, fortunately for themselves, persons whose life is sedentary, and exempt from those great heart storms, which yet endow existence with such charms—will not understand; but the hunter's second reason was still more peremptory than the first; now that he had embarked on this desperate enterprise, he wished to obtain certain information from Don Miguel, as to the mode in which he intended acting, and the plan he meant to adopt.

So near the city, and in an entirely uncovered plain, there was very slight risk of the adventurers meeting with Indians; the only men they were exposed to meet were scouts, sent out to reconnoitre, in the extremely improbable event that the Indians, contrary to their usual habit of not making any movement during the night, had considered it necessary to send out a few men to survey the environs.

The two men could therefore talk together without danger, save from some extraordinary accident, though, of course, careful not to speak above their breath, and to keep eyes and ears constantly on the watch, so as to notice a danger so soon as it arose.

Brighteye, after coughing gently to attract his comrade's attention, said, looking around him somewhat impatiently—

"Eh, eh! the sky has grown enormously bright in the last few minutes, and the night is not so black; I hope the moon will not rise ere we reach our destination."

"We have two hours before us ere the moon rises," Don Miguel answered; "that is more than we want."

"You believe two hours will be sufficient?"

"I am sure of it."

"All the better, then, for I am not particularly fond of night walks."

"It is not usual to take them."

"Indeed, during the forty years I have traversed the desert in every direction, this is only the second occasion of my indulging in a night walk."

"Nonsense!"

"It is a fact; the first time deserves mentioning."

"How so?" Don Miguel asked, absently.

"The circumstances were almost similar; I wanted to save a young girl, who had been carried off by the Indians. It was in 1835. I was then in the service of the Fur Company. The Blackfoot Indians, to avenge a trick played on them by a scamp of an *employé*, hit on nothing better than surprising Mackenzie sort; then—"

"Listen!" Don Miguel said, seizing his arm. "Do you hear nothing?"

The Canadian, so suddenly interrupted in his story, which he believed this time he should really finish, did not, however, display any ill-temper, for he was accustomed to such mishaps; he stopped, lay down on the ground, and listened attentively for two or three minutes, with the most sustained attention, and then rose, shaking his head contemptuously.

"They are coyotes sharing a deer," he said.

"You are certain of it?"

"You will soon hear them give tongue."

In fact, the hunter had scarce finished speaking, ere the repeated barking of the coyotes could be heard a short distance off.

"You hear," the Canadian said, simply.

"It is true," Don Miguel answered.

They resumed their march.

"Is this the way?" Brighteye said. "You remember what we agreed on, Don Miguel? I trust entirely to you to get into the city, and I do not exactly see what we shall do."

"I do not know much more myself," the young man responded. "I spent several hours to-day in carefully examining the walls, and fancied I noticed a spot where it would be rather easy for us to pass."

"Hum!" Brighteye remarked. "Your plan does not seem to me very good, comrade; it will probably result in broken bones."

"That is a chance to run."

"Of course; but, without offence, I should prefer something else, if it be possible."

"That prospect does not frighten you, I hope?"

"Not the least in the world. It is plain that the Indians cannot kill me; if they could, they would have done so long ago, seeing the time I have been in the desert."

The young man could not refrain from laughing at the coolness with which his comrade emitted this singular opinion.

"Well, then," he said, "what reason have you to find fault with my plan?"

"Because it is bad. If the Indians cannot kill me, that does not prove they will not wound me. Believe me, Don Miguel, let us be prudent; if one of us is disabled at the start, what will become of the other?"

"That is true; but have you any other plan to propose to me?"

"I think so."

"Well, let me know it. If it be good, I will adopt it; I am not at all sweet on myself."

"Good; can you swim?"

"Why ask?"

"Answer first, and then I'll tell you."

"I swim like a sturgeon."

"And I like an otter; we are well paired. Now, pay attention to what I am going to say."

"Move ahead."

"You see that river, a little to my right, I suppose?"

"Of course."

"Very good. That river intersects the city, I rather think."

"Yes."

"Supposing that the Redskins are acquainted with our arrival in these parts, on which side will they apprehend an attack?"

"From the plain, evidently. That is common sense."

"All the better. So the walls will be furnished with sentries, watching the plain, while the river, whence they fear no danger, will be perfectly deserted."

"That is true," Don Miguel said, striking his forehead; "I did not think of that."

"People cannot think of everything," Brighteye observed, philosophically.

"My worthy friend, I thank you for that idea. Now we are certain of entering the city."

"You had better not holloa till you are out——But you know the proverb. Still, nothing will prevent us trying."

They at once diverged to the left, in the direction of the river, which they reached after a quarter of an hour's march. The banks were deserted. The river, calm as a mirror, looked like a wide silver ribbon.

"Now," Brighteye continued, "we need not hurry; although we can swim, we will reserve that expedient till others fail us. Examine all the shrubs on one side, while I do so on the other. I am greatly mistaken, or we shall find a canoe somewhere."

The hunter's previsions did not deceive him. After a few minutes' search, they found a canoe hidden beneath a quantity of leaves in the midst of a thicket of lentisks and floripondios; the paddles were concealed a short distance away.

We have already described to the reader the mode adopted by the Indians in building their boats, which, among other advantages, possesses that of lightness. Brighteye took the paddles. Don Miguel put the canoe on his back, and in a few minutes it was afloat.

"Now let us get in," Brighteye said.

"A moment," Don Miguel observed; "let us muffle the paddles, to prevent noise."

Brighteye shrugged his shoulders.

"Do not let us be too clever," he said, "for that would injure us. If there are Indians about they will see the canoe; if they do not at the same time hear the sound of paddles, they will suspect a trap, and try to detect the trick. No, no; let me alone; lay yourself in the bottom of the canoe; fortunately for us, it is small, and the Redskins will never suppose that so small a boat, pulled by one man, would have the pretension of surprising them. That which relatively makes the security of our expedition, you must not forget, is its rashness, even madness. Only palefaces can hit on such crack-brained schemes. I remember, in 1835, as I was telling you—"

"Let us be off," Don Miguel interrupted, as he jumped into the canoe, in the middle of which he laid himself down, in accordance with his comrade's instructions. The latter followed him with a toss of the head, and took up the paddles, which he only employed, however, with an affected carelessness, which gave the boat a slow and measured movement.

"Look you," the hunter continued, "in the way we are moving, if there are any of those red devils on the watch, they will certainly take me for one of their comrades out fishing late, and returning to his *calli*."

Still, by degrees, and almost imperceptibly, the hunter increased his speed, so that within half an hour they attained a certain degree of speed, not great enough, however, to arouse suspicions. They then went on for about an hour, and at length entered the city. But if they had expected to land unnoticed, they were mistaken. Near the bridge, the place where a number of pulled up canoes showed that the Indians were in the habit of stopping, Brighteye perceived a sentry, leaning on his long lance and watching them. The Canadian took a hurried glance around, and assured himself that the sentry was alone.

"Good!" he muttered to himself; "if there's only one, it will not be a long matter."

He explained to Don Miguel what the matter was, to which the latter answered a few words.

"Listen," the hunter said, drawing himself up; "that is the only way."

And he steered the canoe straight toward the sentry. So soon as the Canadian was within hail—

"Wah!" the Indian said, "my brother returns very late to Quiepas Tani; everybody is asleep."

"That is true," Brighteye answered, in the

language employed by the sentry; "but I have brought in some splendid fish."

"Eh!" the warrior remarked, seriously. "Can I see them?"

"Not only can my brother see them," the Canadian answered, graciously; "but I authorize him to select any one he pleases."

"Och! my brother has an open hand. The Wacondah will never allow it to be empty. I accept my brother's offering."

"Hum!" Brighteye muttered; "it is astonishing how the poor devil takes the bait. He does not at all suspect that he is the fish."

And with this philosophical reflection he continued his progress. Soon after, the canoe grated on the sand. The Indian, affected by the Canadian's deceptive offer, would not be beaten by him in politeness, so he seized the side of the boat and began pulling it up.

"Wah!" he said, "my brother has had a fine fishing, for the canoe is very heavy."

While saying this, he went down to get a better hold, and began trying anew. But he had no time; Don Miguel bounded from the boat, and, clubbing his rifle, dealt a terrible blow of the butt on the wretched Indian's skull. The poor sentry was killed at once, and rolled on the sand without uttering a cry.

"There!" Brighteye cried, as he got out in his turn, "that man, at any rate, will not denounce us."

"We must get rid of him now," Don Miguel observed.

"That will not take long."

The implacable hunter then selected a heavy stone, placed it in the Redskin's fresads, and let him glide softly into the water. So soon as this was effected, and every trace of the murder was removed, they drew the canoe on land by the side of the others, and prepared to start. At this moment the real difficulties of the enterprize began for them. How should they find their way in a strange city in the dark? When and how to find Marksman? These two questions seemed equally impossible of solution.

"Wah!" Brighteye at length said, "it must be no more difficult to follow a trail in a city than on a plain. Let us try."

"The first thing is to get away from here as soon as possible."

"Yes, the place is not healthy for us; but suppose we try to find the great square. There people generally expect to get useful information."

"At this hour? That seems to me rather difficult."

"On the contrary. We will hide till daybreak. The first Redskin who passes within reach, we will oblige to give us news of our friend. A great physician, like him, must be well known, hang it all," he added, with a laugh. A gayety which Don Miguel shared with all his heart.

Singular was the carelessness and recklessness of these two men; in the centre of a city they had entered by killing one of its inhabitants, where they knew they would meet only enemies, and where dangers were, on all sides, hanging over their heads, they still found themselves as much at their ease as if they had been among friends, and laughed and jested together, just as if their position were the most agreeable in the world.

"Well," Brighteye continued, "we are in a very tidy labyrinth. Do you not think with me that there is a frightful smell of broken bones about here?"

"Who knows? Perhaps we shall get out of it better than we fancy."

"One thing is certain, we shall soon know all."

"Let us take that street in front of us. It is wide and well laid. Something tells me it will lead us right."

"Heaven's mercy! that is as good as another."

The hunters entered the street ahead of them. Accident had served them well. After ten minutes' walk, they found themselves at the entrance of the great square.

"There," Brighteye said, in a tone of delight, "luck is with us. We cannot complain; besides, it must be so. Accident always favors madmen, and in that character we can claim its entire sympathy."

"Silence!" Don Miguel said, sharply. "There is some one."

"Where?"

The young man extended his arm in the direction of the Temple of the Sun.

"Look!" he cried.

"So there is," Brighteye muttered, a moment later, "but that man appears to be doing like us. He is evidently on the watch. What reason can he have for being up so late?"

After arranging matters, in a few words, the two adventurers separated, and crept, from different sides, toward the night watcher, hiding themselves, as well as they could, in the shadow, which was not an easy task. The moon had risen some time previously, and spread a weak light, it is true, but sufficient to let objects be distinguished for a considerable distance. The man on whom the adventurers were advancing still remained motionless at the spot where they had seen him; his body bent forward, his ear leant against the door of the temple, he seemed to be listening carefully. Don Miguel and Brighteye were not more than six paces off, and were preparing to rush on him, when he suddenly drew himself up. They with difficulty suppressed a cry of surprise.

"Flying Eagle!" they muttered.

But, although they spoke so low, the other heard them, and immediately sounded the darkness with a piercing glance.

"Wah!" he said, on perceiving the two men, and resolutely advanced.

The adventurers left the shadow that protected them, and waited. When Flying Eagle had arrived almost close to them,—

"It is I," Don Miguel said to him.

"And I," Brighteye added.

The Comanche Chief fell back in a state of stupefaction impossible to describe.

"The gray head here!" he exclaimed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Content is the mother of good digestion.

MANASSAS EVACUATED.

THE REBELS EVACUATE MANASSAS AT THEIR LEISURE—THEY DESTROY ALL THEY CANNOT CARRY OFF—ENTRENCHMENTS NOT REMARKABLE—RETREAT TO ANOTHER LINE OF DEFENCE BEHIND THE RAPPAHANNOCK—DISCREET COUNCIL OF WAR—EVACUATION OF WINCHESTER.

The first certain and credible report of the retreat of the enemy from Manassas was brought to General Kearney by a negro. He gave such minute particulars as to induce General Kearney to move forward from Fairfax.

He was at Fairfax court-house on Sunday morning (week) when the negro came in, and Kearney immediately sent word to Washington.

The New Jersey brigade followed up the information, and was the first to raise the stars and stripes over the abandoned fortifications. It was the advance of the Jersey Blues which struck a panic in the hearts of the rear-guard of the rebels and sent them pell-mell towards Gordonsville, where they are now concentrating.

An officer reported to several Senators that Manassas has been evacuated by the rebels over a month. But this can hardly be true in the main. It is probable that they have been sending away troops ever since Beauregard left Manassas; but the general evacuation did not take place until Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, as the evidences of a panic are everywhere presented. They left army wagons, an engine, and other valuables, which they had not time to destroy. Their course on the lower Potomac shows that they *ran*.

McClellan's idea, it is said, was to intercept them on the Rappahannock and get them between two branches of our army, but the rebels were too quick for him, and made their escape.

It is a singular fact that a council of the division generals was held at Washington on Saturday night, at which twelve of them are said to have been present, and that they decided, by a vote of eight to four, that an advance upon Manassas would not be practicable before April. The four who voted for immediate action were McDowell, Heintzelman, Sumner, and Keyes, all of whom were chosen by the President as commanders for the *corps d'armee*.' The vote of the council was overruled by the President and Secretary Stanton, who have had enough of delay and "mean business," as the ring-fighters say.

General McClellan has been in Virginia since Monday, and there are no indications of his return.

General Lee has been appointed General-in-chief of the rebel forces, and their retreat from Manassas is formally announced as having been caused by the adoption of a new line of defences, of which Staunton, Gordonsville, and Fredericksburg are the main points.

The Richmond Examiner says:—"Considerable uneasiness is manifested by the public on account of the reports of our forces falling back from Manassas and the Upper Potomac.

Positive assurance is given that these movements have not been made on account of the pressure of the enemy, but are purely strategic. General Johnston has the confidence of the Administration, and it is certain that a new line of defence will be organized. The points have not been selected, but it is thought probable that the line of defence will extend from Staunton to Gordonsville. A depot of provisions is now being established at the latter place.

There is little, if any, doubt that the rebels have retreated towards Gordonsville, and that they rest with their advance at the Rapidan River—their camps extending back to Gordonsville, a distance of twelve miles. Gordonsville is situated at the junction of the Orange and Alexandria and the Virginia Central Railroad, about sixty miles southwest of Manassas, and sixty-five miles northwest of Richmond.

THE REBEL ENTRENCHMENTS.—The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer says:—The fortifications look, *at a distance*, formidable, extending from a point half a mile north of Centreville away off to the south as far as the eye can reach. We rode up to them, and found them merely dirt trenches and sand forts. They have been evidently laid out by an engineer who understood his business, but have been constructed by men who merely wanted to put in the time. *There has never been a single heavy gun mounted in them.* Embrasures have been made and *logs of wood run out* in all of them. All were so arranged, however, that field artillery could be used in them. The floors on which they could have stood were hemlock boards, one inch thick, and would not have lasted through a single discharge, but would have let the guns down into the sand.

Another account says:—The fancied impregnability of the position turns out to be a sham. *There are three or four light earthworks, and a fortified camp at the Junction.* Between Manassas and Bull Run there are no fortifications of any kind. The position at Centreville is very strong, but some of the forts have maple logs painted to resemble guns. No signs of further advance to-day.

Some of our soldiers cried when they found out that "Quakers" were mounted on the rebel breastworks at Centreville.

A man who has just returned from Manassas states that, at Centreville, on both sides of the road, there were embrasures filled with *wooden guns, painted black.* The breastworks at Manassas had been filled with field pieces merely, and there were no traces of the platforms upon which heavy guns are worked. Between Centreville and Manassas the road was strewn with hundreds of dead horses, who had evidently died of starvation.

NUMBER OF REBELS.—It is supposed, from what information could be gathered, and making a fair average for the number the huts could contain, that the rebel troops at Manassas did not, at any time, exceed 60,000 men, and not more than 30,000 have occupied that section within the last two months.

There had been but twenty regiments at Centreville, and none of them full, and a smaller number at Manassas. The contrabands who have arrived here state that those who left on Sunday—about 20,000 men—have all gone toward Richmond.

Accounts received from Manassas to-night state that nothing of much value to our army was found at that place. The wagons, about thirty in number, were old and worn out, and had evidently been impressed into the service. The contrabands from the surrounding country came in and helped themselves to whatever clothing they could find and also to the commissary stores, such as flour, bread, meat, and cooking utensils, which the enemy had left behind.

Moore's extensive flouring mill, at the foot of the Bull Run mountain, and six miles from the Stone bridge, was also burnt by the enemy. The railway stations and bridges for a distance of about fifteen miles were destroyed yesterday morning.

OCCUPATION OF WINCHESTER.—A despatch from Berryville, Va., says that our troops have occupied Winchester, Va, the rebels retreating to Strasburg. There was a slight skirmish on our troops entering the town, but the particulars are not given.

THE rebel Congress has passed an act recommending planters not to raise a cotton crop, but to devote their soil and labor to the growing of provisions, etc.

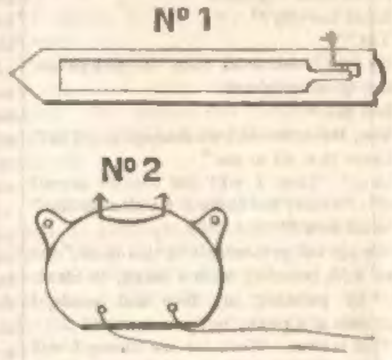
BISHOP POLK'S INFERNAL MACHINES.

AT COLUMBUS.

A Columbus correspondent of the *Philadelphia Inquirer* says:—

I have thought it might interest many of your readers to know more about the various implements of warfare, &c., that the valorous Polk was to have brought into requisition for the extermination of the Federals at this elaborately fortified town. I have classified some of the more important ones.

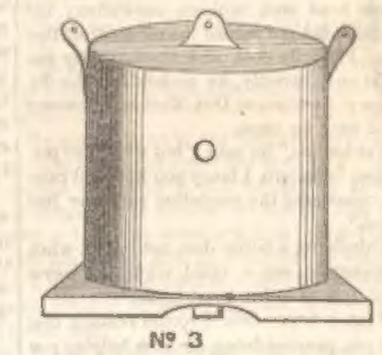
No. 1 is a machine intended for submersion in water, of a cylindrical form, and built of No. 16 sheet-iron. It is about five feet in length and fifteen inches in diameter, ending conically. In the interior is a bag, presumed to be impervious to water, and containing the explosive materials. One end of the bag contains a mouth-piece, in which is inserted a tube perhaps an inch in diameter. There is a nipple at the end of this tube, arranged for the reception of a percussion cap, on which a hammer is made to act by means of a simple lever arrangement. Attached to this lever is a long rod, which, passing through a stuffing box, connects with the cylinder. There are several prongs on the end of the rod, projecting in such a manner as to be depressed by a heavy mass passing over them, and exploding the caps

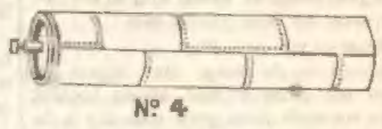


No. 2 is intended for land uses, and is made of cast-iron. It is shaped not unlike an old-fashioned tea-kettle in some respects, and has a sort of cap on the top, similar to the lid of an iron tea-kettle, which is fastened to it by iron set screws. About two inches from the bottom are two orifices through which run copper wires, insulated with gutta percha and tarred cord, which are laid in trenches and communicate with a galvanic battery inside of the fortification on the bluff. This infernal machine is a specimen of many that lie buried in and about Columbus, several of which have been discovered.

No. 3 is intended for the water, and is a cast-iron cylinder, twenty inches in diameter and twenty-four inches long, the ends being cast solid. Attached to one end are four clevices for the purpose of fastening it to supporters.

It is evident that they were to have been suspended from these clevices. In the head, at the opposite end, is a two-inch hole with a screw similar to the thread on a gas pipe, in which a plug is fitted, no doubt for the purpose of charging the machine with its combustibles. Its capacity is equal to one bushel of powder and destructive missiles. On the side, about the centre of the cylinder, is a similar hole with a thread cut in in the same, to receive, it is to be presumed, a pipe, through which the explosive appurtenances are to be conducted.





No. 4 is another water machine, being a plain cylinder 26 inches long and 12 inches in diameter, made of heavy boiler iron, and riveted in the style of a steamboat boiler.—This likewise has two flat ends, one containing some brass arrangements which it is difficult to designate the use of. The affair looks as if it might be a very destructive missile if properly managed.

An intelligent man, who escaped from the rebel ranks, says that Pillow, Polk, Bragg, Cheatham, and Beauregard, and other lesser lights, were in Jackson, Tenn., last Sunday week. He also assures me that Beauregard has never yet visited Columbus, and also that the Mississippi is full of torpedoes from here to New Orleans. The poor man is apparently greatly frightened at what he has witnessed within the last few months, and has been prepared to believe the "Confederates" were able to burn, sink and destroy at pleasure. A good meal of victuals seemed to revive the animal spirits of the haggard and famished man, when he was taken to Commodore Foote and gave such valuable information that he is to accompany the next expedition on board the flag-ship.

THE PHILADELPHIA IRON-CLAD FRIGATE.—The stirring events of the past few days, in Hampton Roads, have excited renewed interest in the mail-clad frigate ordered by Government to be built in this city, and now upon the stocks at the ship-yard of Messrs. Cramp & Son, at Kensington. There are about four hundred men directly employed upon the ship, while a large number of hands have employment in preparing the iron plates for her armor, building her machinery, &c. Some of the plates are already finished, and the work of placing them in position upon the sides of the vessel will soon be commenced. The ship is to be 3,500 tons burden. Her armament has not yet been fully determined, but she will carry at least sixteen guns of 11-inch bore, and will have several deck pivot guns. Notwithstanding her immense weight, she has been so modelled as not to draw but fifteen feet of water. She is two hundred and thirty feet long, sixty feet beam, twenty-five feet hold, and will have three full decks.

The frigate will be furnished with an iron battering ram, and while she will be provided with the most complete means of offence, it is believed that she will be completely impregnable to any assault that can be made upon her by an enemy. According to the terms of the contract, the frigate is to be ready for launching by the 1st of May, and she is to be in complete condition for service by July. The total cost of the ship will be about $900,000.

☞ Death is the only master who takes his servants without a character.

BATTLE OF PEA RIDGE, ARKANSAS.

BRIG.-GENERALS M'CULLOCH AND BLACK KILLED—COLS. MCINTOSH, RIVES AND HERBERT KILLED AND WOUNDED—GEN. STERLING PRICE WOUNDED—OUR LOSS 800 TO 1,000 KILLED AND WOUNDED—THE REBEL LOSS FROM 2,000 TO 3,000—EIGHTEEN OF OUR KILLED SCALPED BY THE INDIANS—COL. JEFF. C. DAVIS AFTER PRICE.

The engagement took place on Little Sugar Creek, five miles this side of the stream of the same name, where a skirmish occurred on the march down.

In anticipation of an attack on the south, Gen. Curtis ordered the trains to be drawn up on the north side; but, unexpectedly, the attack was commenced on the north side, being the rear of our army, by from fifteen hundred to two thousand rebel cavalry.

Gen. Sigel, with eight hundred men, protected the train for several hours, holding the rebels in check, while the teams pushed backward to the main body. While thus engaged Gen. Sigel was three times surrounded, but he cut his way through each time. The principal fighting on Thursday was done by Gen. Sigel, in this way.

On Friday the engagement became general and continued so throughout. Our officers behaved with much gallantry. The most exposed position was occupied by Col. Carr's division, and the greatest loss was suffered by them. Col. Dodge's brigade of this division consisted of the Fourth Iowa, the First Iowa battery, the Thirty-fifth Illinois, Col. Phelp's regiment, and the Twenty-fourth Missouri.

The second brigade, under Col. Van Dorn, of the Ninth Iowa regiment, consisted of his own regiment, the Dubuque battery, and Col. Carr's regiment of cavalry.

A letter from Col. Carr says the losses in the Fourth and Ninth Iowa, Thirty-fifth Illinois and Twenty-fifth Missouri are from one hundred and fifty to two hundred in each regiment killed and wounded. Only three hundred of the Twenty-fourth Missouri were present, but they lost twenty-nine killed and a large number wounded. The Twelfth and Seventeenth Missouri, Third Iowa Cavalry and Eighth Indiana Regiments lost about forty each. The First and Second Iowa Batteries lost about twenty each.

Among the wounded are Gen. Asboth, in the arm, Col. Carr, in the arm, Lieutenant-Colonel Fallighan, Lieutenant-Colonel Herron, and Major Coyle, of the Ninth Iowa. Besides being wounded, Lieutenant-Colonel Herron was taken prisoner. Col. Dodge had three horses shot under him. Lieut. Smith, of the Second Iowa Battery, was taken prisoner. He jumped from the wagon to make his escape, when he was killed.

Among the rebel officers killed and wounded are: Brigadier-General McCulloch killed; Brigadier-General Slack, dangerously wounded; Col. McIntosh, killed; Col. B. H. Rives, dangerously wounded; Col. Herbert, of the Third Louisiana Volunteers, killed or dangerously wounded, and Major-General Sterling Price, slightly wounded.

Thirteen pieces of artillery were captured by our men, including one of the pieces lost by Gen. Sigel at Wilson's Creek.

Our loss is estimated at 800 or 1,000 killed and wounded. The rebel loss is not known, but is supposed to be from 2,000 to 3,000. A large amount of rebel prisoners, probably 1,500 were taken, and more are constantly being brought in.

Two thousand Indians were engaged in the battle, and eighteen of our killed were scalped by them.

Gen. Price, with about 10,000 men, retreated northward, and then took an easterly direction. Gen. Jeff. C. Davis is after him.

THE LATE NAVAL BATTLE.

The following letter from Dr. Shippen, who was on board the frigate Congress, in Hampton Roads, in the recent terrible battle, will be found to possess much interest:—

"'There comes the Merrimac at last.' I was reading a lately received newspaper with much interest, and so I replied, 'Don't interrupt me, I am busy.' 'It's no joke,' he answered, 'she is coming down this time.' I saw the speaker take his sword and revolver and hurry on deck. So the thing seemed serious, and I followed. Sure enough, there was the strange looking hull slowly steaming down the river; but she turned and seemed going back, as if after a trial trip, and we began to think it was a false alarm that had stirred us up. But she soon turned again and began to approach us (the Congress) slowly. We beat to quarters at once, and as soon as she got within range opened fire on her. We might as well have fired at a moving iceberg. The shots glanced off her iron sheathing like hail-stones off a tin roof. She gradually approached us and passed us by, delivering her fire as she went, and with awful effect.

"She then steamed up ahead of the Cumberland, turned round deliberately, and ran into her near the bow, ripping an enormous rent in her side, and hung on by her own sharp prow, while she fired right into the fractured chasm. Then she backed out and repeated her tremendous onslaught and fierce fire, and the fate of the Cumberland was settled. She had fought bravely, pouring in her tremendous broadsides, but with apparently the same want of effect which had attended our discharge of shot. Now she settled and keeled over and went down with most of her wounded, the living sailors and those not wounded beyond the ability of motion alone getting over into her boats with the officers and escaping to shore, while some swam from the ship and so escaped to land.

"Having finished with the Cumberland, this marine monster came back to us. She laid off our port bow, forging slowly ahead, then backing, so as to keep her desired and selected position, and opened upon us an awful fire! The first shell burst inside our ship and killed every man at gun No. 7. Shell after shell, and sometimes two at a time, burst among us. The ship was soon a mere slaughter-house. The surgeon began his work, and attempted an amputation—a huge fragment of wood fell on the breast of the subject, and crushed him instantly. Operations were now out of the question. The wounded were in crowds, horribly cut up. The slightest wound noticed was a hand shot off. Whole quarters of the human frame were torn away from some bodies—a head, a right shoulder, and entire legs and arms from others. The ship, too, was on fire. The shells had kindled her wood work in several places.

"Nearly all the guns were dismounted, the bulkheads blown to pieces—rammers and handspikes shivered—the powder boys all killed. The inside of the ship looked like the inside of a burnt and sacked house. Everything was in fragments, black or red—burnt or bloody.

"The horrible scene lasted for about half an hour. We then struck. A rebel tug sent a boat to us and soon came alongside herself. Our great concern was for the wounded. We were told to come ourselves and bring others aboard, as prisoners. We begged for a little time to get the wounded once, but were told to 'hurry.' 'We can't hurry men badly hurt.' 'But you must; I am going to burn the ship, and that d—d quick,' said the officer in command. But he was mistaken. He did not burn her. At this moment, an Indiana regiment on shore opened a heavy fire on the tug from rifles and a howitzer. I saw one rebel officer fall under it. The tug found it too hot for her, and she backed out. Where she went I did not see.

"In the meantime our own small boats and some from the Cumberland ran alongside, and we began getting all the wounded into them and pushed off for land. I do not think one wounded man was left on shipboard. Twenty-seven came in the small boats. Probably eighty were left dead on the decks and in the cock-pit. The ship was already on fire, as before stated, and she burned and blew up during the night."

Another account says:—

When the white flag was displayed, the rebel tug boat, which was detached to take us prisoners, came steaming up to our side, when the sharpshooters of the Indiana Twentieth Regiment, who were stationed at Newport News, poured a volley into it. A midshipman named Foreman was killed by the discharge, and fell from the side of our vessel down to the deck of his own, a distance of fifteen feet. No doubt many others of the rebel crew were likewise killed or wounded, for they at once hauled off, not anticipating such treatment from the Indiana troops. To the skill and gallantry of the latter alone, do the officers and crew of the Congress owe their deliverance from durance vile.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE Naval Committee of the Senate, suddenly convinced of the efficiency of vessels like the Monitor, have agreed to report a bill at once for the appropriation of fifteen million dollars for iron-clad vessels-of-war. After the stirring events in Hampton Roads, there is no doubt of the immediate passage of this bill.

SENATOR GRIMES has received a despatch from Assistant War Secretary Fox, at Fortress Monroe, declaring his confident belief that the Monitor, in her next engagement, will sink the Merrimac. Mr. Fox confirms the reports that the Merrimac was injured in the fight. He expresses the opinion that another contest between the two vessels is certain, and that the conflict will be terrible.

A BILL has passed the Kentucky Legislature inflicting a fine of not less than $50 or more than $500 on any minister or priest who shall solemnize marriage, unless he shall have first taken the oath of allegiance to the United States, and sworn that he has never aided the rebel states.

THE ELECTION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—A hundred and thirty-five towns give Berry (Rep.) 23,727 votes; Starke (Dem.) 20,034; and Wheeler (Ind.) 1,028.

THE parties accompanying a recent rebel flag of truce, jocosely admitted that our "cheese-box on a raft," had severely wounded the Merrimac.

WHAT THEY CONTEMPLATED.—The attack on our fleet at Fortress Monroe was but a portion of the rebel movement, which likewise contemplated a land movement upon Newport News. The rebel troops, ten thousand strong, came within a few miles of the post, driving in our pickets, but, perceiving that the Merrimac had failed to accomplish her share of the work, they retired.

MEMPHIS.—There are said to be no troops at Memphis, and the cotton, sugar, molasses, &c., were being shipped down the river.—Bragg and Beauregard were at Jackson, Tenn., constructing fortifications. Ten thousand rebel troops who were brought from Pensacola by Bragg, were sent to reinforce New Madrid, and Island No. 10. Martial law was proclaimed at Memphis. No defensive preparations are being made at Randolph. The rebel gunboats were all at Island No. 10.

THE PRESIDENT AND FREMONT.—General Fremont's appointment to the command of the Mountain Department was solely the act of the President, who has not hesitated to declare his conviction that the General had been more sinned against than sinning. In other words, his real services have been entirely ignored, while his smallest delinquencies have been paraded to the fullest extent, and commented upon in the most reckless and unjust manner. It is evident that if what I have heard is the real feeling of the President towards the General, that he has at least one true friend in the Chief Magistrate of the Nation.—*Washington Correspondent of Phila. Ledger.*

THE Mortar Fleet is afloat in the Southern waters, but its exact destination and present position are wisely concealed from the public. Capt. Porter will doubtless be enabled to render effective service when the proper time for action arrives.

SOME of the struggling members of such terrific companies as the "Louisiana Tigers" and the "Yankee Killers," were captured without resistance by our troops during the advance upon Manassas. Well might Shakspeare ask "What's in a name?"

OUR troops were warmly received at Occoquan and Winchester, Va. It was said even by secessionists at Winchester, "no wonder your arms are victorious from the excellent discipline of your troops."

BARBARITY.—At Manassas our troops found a skull in the camp of a Mississippi regiment. Carved on it were the words, "all that is left of a Fire Zouave." In several places in the woods bones can be seen bleaching upon the top of the ground, and we hear of knives and spoons and other articles being made of the bones of our dead. Several hundred rebels have sent home skulls; these being considered as the best trophies that could be found. To procure them, the graves were plundered day after day.

THE POTOMAC ARMY.—In answer to numerous inquiries concerning the movements of the army of the Potomac since its advance reached Manassas, we feel at liberty to say, only, that it is carrying out to the letter the programme marked out for its operations ere marching from its winter quarters in this immediate vicinity. It must be a week or two yet before the plan is so developed that the public at large will comprehend it in all its bearings.—*Washington Corres. of North American.*

THE STEVENS BATTERY.—It is the freely expressed opinion of members of Congress, many of whom have heretofore opposed the completion of the Stevens battery, that the bill providing for its completion will pass without objection or alteration, unless a clause be introduced requiring it to be finished by a certain date. The new interest attached to iron-sheathed vessels has called an amount of attention to the Stevens battery likely to result in the conclusion by scientific men and experts that Mr. Stevens's plan is not only the original of the mail clad vessels, but that his battery is superior to any application of the principle in this or any other country.

OUR boats have brought up to Washington immense quantities of shot and shell which the rebels left behind when they evacuated their batteries on the Potomac. It is stated that nearly all the grape shot which was found in the deserted rebel magazines was manufactured at the Navy-Yard in Washington.

GENERAL GRANT.—Gen. Grant seems to have got into trouble. The Chicago Tribune's Fort Donelson correspondent says that Gen. Grant has applied to Gen. Halleck to be relieved of his command. This is a piece of news we were hardly prepared for.

THE Senate refused to expel Mr. Powell, by 28 nays to 11 yeas.

IMPORTANT ORDERS.

THE FIRST GENERAL ORDERS OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN—HE DIRECTS READINESS FOR A FORWARD MOVEMENT ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTH DAY—GENERAL MCCLELLAN RELIEVED OF THE COMMAND-IN-CHIEF—THREE GREAT DEPARTMENTS INSTITUTED, UNDER MCCLELLAN, HALLECK, AND FREMONT.

WASHINGTON, March 12.—The following orders by the President were published by authority, in the Intelligencer of this morning. Their importance and bearing are manifest:—

WAR GAZETTE, PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, Jan. 27, 1862.

President's General War Order, No. 1:—

Ordered, that the twenty-second day of February, 1862, be the day for a general movement of the land and naval forces of the United States against the insurgent forces. That especially the army at and about Fortress Monroe, the army of the Potomac, the army of Western Virginia, the army near Munfordsville, Kentucky, the army and flotilla at Cairo, and a naval force in the Gulf of Mexico be ready for a movement on that day.

That all other forces, both land and naval, with their respective commanders, obey existing orders for the time, and be ready to obey additional orders when duly given. That the Heads of Departments, and especially the Secretaries of War and of the Navy, with all their subordinates, and the General-in-Chief, with all other commanders and subordinates of the land and naval forces, will severally be held to their strict and full responsibilities for the prompt execution of this order. (Signed)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, March 8, 1862.

President's General War Order, No. 2:—

Ordered, First—That the Major-General commanding the army of the Potomac proceed forthwith to organize that part of the said army destined to enter upon active operations, including the reserve, but excluding the troops to be left in the fortifications about Washington, into four army corps, to be commanded according to seniority of rank, as follows:—

First Corps, to consist of four divisions, to be commanded by Major-General Irvin McDowell.

Second Corps, to consist of three divisions, and to be commanded by Brigadier-General E. V. Sumner.

Third Corps, to consist of three divisions, and to be commanded by Brigadier-General S. P. Heintzleman.

Fourth Corps, to consist of three divisions, and to be commanded by Brigadier-General E. D. Keyes.

Second—That the divisions now commanded by the officers above assigned to the command of corps, shall be embraced in and form part of their respective corps.

Third—The forces left for the defence of Washington will be placed in command of Brigadier-General James J. Wadsworth, who shall also be Military Governor of the District of Columbia.

Fourth—That this order be executed with such promptness and despatch as not to delay the commencement of the operations already directed to be undertaken by the army of the Potomac.

Fifth—A fifth army corps, to be commanded by Major-General N. P. Banks, will be formed from his own and Gen. Shields' (late Gen. Lander's) division.

(Signed) ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, March 11, 1862.

President's War Orders, No. 3:—

Major-General McClellan having personally taken the field at the head of the army of the Potomac, until otherwise ordered, he is relieved from the command of the other Military Departments, he retaining the command of the army of the Potomac.

Ordered further, that the two departments now under the respective commands of Generals Hallock and Hunter, together with so much of that under General Buell as lies west of a north and south line indefinitely drawn through Knoxville, Tennessee, be considered and designated the Department of the Mississippi, and that until otherwise ordered, Major-General Halleck have command of said Department.

Ordered, also, that the country west of the department of the Potomac, and east of the department of the Mississippi, be a military department, to be called "The Mountain Department," and that the same be commanded by Major-General Fremont.

That all the commanders of the Departments after the receipt of this order by them, respectively report severally and directly to the Secretary of War, and that prompt, full and frequent reports will be expected of all and each of them.

(Signed) ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

EXTRAORDINARY CASES.

We give three cases, forwarded by Mr. Slayter, the late house-surgeon to the Westminster Hospital. The record of these cases ought to convince surgeons that no chance should be thrown away of trying to save small portions of the body which have become detached. The importance of this practice is well seen by the success which has attended it.

1. A woman came to the hospital in May last, about 5 o'clock P. M., and stated that she had her nose bitten off by another woman about an hour previously. She brought the piece with her; it was quite black, and covered with dirt. However, Mr. Slayter washed it in warm water, and carefully sewed it on again with silver wire. In a fortnight it was perfectly attached, and had been adjusted with such accuracy that one could scarcely tell she had ever lost her nose.

2. A man entered the hospital in March last, and stated that he had had three of his teeth knocked out in a fight. On examining his mouth, it was found that he had lost his upper incisors, which he had brought with him. Mr. Slayter tied them in with silver wire, and in ten days two were quite tight; the other would not stop in.

3. In April last a man came to the hospital, and showed Mr. Slayter a piece of his scalp, about the size of a five shilling piece, which he stated had been knocked off by a quart pot in a fight. It was sewn on, and in less than a fortnight it was perfectly united.—*London Lancet.*

REBEL MORTALITY AT BOWLING GREEN.—The Louisville Journal says:

"The mortality among the rebels at Bowling Green was terrible. The best informed inhabitants there are confident that between 3,000 and 4,000 rebel soldiers were buried in that vicinity, though great numbers of the sick were sent to Nashville. The dead were so carelessly buried that the stench arising from the grave-yards is terrible, and a committee has waited on the Kentucky Legislature, praying the appointment of a sanitary commission to make an examination and report what can be done to avert a pestilence. If something is not done before warm weather sets in, the region about Bowling Green will not be habitable."

CAPT. ERICSSON'S STATEMENT.

Captain Ericsson recently made the following speech before the N. Y. Chamber of Commerce. He said:

I have the great satisfaction to tell the gentlemen that this morning, a few minutes after I was called upon to attend this meeting, I got a letter from Mr Stimers. I sent a copy of it to the Evening Post, so that the press should have it in the morning. I will now read you Capt. Stimers's letter:

IRON CLAD MONITOR, Hampton Roads, March 9, 1862.

MY DEAR SIR: After a stormy passage, which proved us to be the finest sea boat I was ever in, we fought the Merrimac for more than three hours this forenoon, and sent her back to Norfolk in a sinking condition. Iron clad against iron clad. We manœuvred about the bay here, and went at each other with mutual fierceness. I consider that both ships were well fought.—We were struck twenty two times—pilot-house twice, turret nine times, side armor eight times, deck three times. The only vulnerable point was the pilot-house. One of your great logs (9 by 12 inches thick) is broken in two. This shot struck just outside of where the captain had his eye, and it has disabled him by destroying his left eye, and temporarily blinding the other.

That is proved since not to be so. It was imagined at first that his eye was lost.

The log is not quite in two, but is broken and pressed inward 1½ inches.

This shows the immense force of these shots. The beam is 9 inches by 12, and of the best wrought iron. This gives an idea of the difficulty of resisting these shot, and yet we have succeeded in the turret in doing so.

She tried to run us down, and sink us as she did the Cumberland, yesterday, but she got the worst of it. Her bow passed over our deck, and one sharp, upper-edged side cut through the light iron shoe upon her stem, and well into her oak. She will not try that again. She gave us a tremendous thump, but did not injure us in the least. We are just able to find the point of contact.

That is gratifying, that after such a concussion, it was difficult to see where she struck her.

The turret is a splendid structure. I don't think much of the shield, but the pendulums are fine things, though I cannot tell you how they would stand the shot, as they were not hit.

The shield is an extra thickness of two inches on the fighting side. It was placed there principally on account of the sound. I was afraid that the force of the shock would knock the men down.

You were very correct in your estimate of the effect of shot upon the man on the inside of the turret when it was struck near him. Three men were knocked down, of whom I was one; the other two had to be carried below, but I was not disabled at all, and the others recovered before the battle was over.

Before the Monitor left, I charged the officer particularly to tell the men not to be frightened. I told him to tell the men, let every man go down on his knees, and don't be alarmed when the rebel shot strikes you, because it won't hurt you. They all put the question to him,—"Won't the shot go through?" "No," says he, "it will stay out." "Then we don't care," they said. But for this precaution, there would have been great consternation when the turret was struck. You may estimate the shock, when a shot of 200 lbs. weight, moving at the rate of 2,000 feet in a second, strikes within a foot of a man's head.

Capt. Worden stationed himself at the pilot-house, Greene fired the guns, and I turned the turret until the Captain was disabled, and was relieved by Greene; when I managed the turret myself, Master Stodden having been one of the two stunned men.

I proposed to the captain to let the sailing-master turn the turret. On one side of the turret there is a telescope, a reflector, the image being bent by a prism. This sailing master, who has nothing to do on the Monitor, I proposed that he should be stationed there. He not only looked through the telescope, but by means of a small wheel he turned the turret just exactly where he liked. He did that to admiration, pointing it exactly on the enemy. As the Monitor went round, the turret kept turning (it no doubt astonished Capt. Buchanan), so that wherever the Monitor was, in whatever position it was placed, the two bulldogs keep looking at him all the time.

Capt. Ericsson, I congratulate you upon your great success. Thousands have this day blessed you. I have heard whole crews cheer you,—Every man feels that you have saved this place to the nation by furnishing us with the means to whip an iron clad frigate that was, until our arrival, having it all her own way with our most powerful vessels.

I am, with much esteem,
Very truly yours,
ALBAN C. STIMERS.

Capt. J. Ericsson, No. 65 Franklin street, New York.

I cannot permit this opportunity to pass without saying that I look upon the success of that as being entirely owing to the presence of a master mind. The men were new; their passage had been very rough, and the master had to put his vessel right under the heaviest guns that are ever worked on shipboard. It is evident that but for the presence of a master mind on board of that vessel, that success could not have been achieved. Capt. Worden, no doubt, acquitted himself in the most masterly manner. But everything was quite new. He felt quite nervous before he went on board. The fact that the bulwark of the vessel was but one foot above the water-line was enough to make him so. When I was before the Naval Committee, the grand objection was that in the sea-way the vessel would not work. I gave it as my opinion that it would prove the most easy-working in sea-way, and it is an excellent sea boat. The men are supplied with fresh air, though there is no opening except through the turret, by means of blowers worked by the engines, and they are perfectly comfortable. They can remain on the top of the turret in the sea-way; it is 64 feet in circumference—quite a promenade. Though the deck is but a foot above the water-line, the top of the turret is nine feet above; and here is the important point, that this vessel is in the sea-way perhaps the safest vessel ever built. It takes 670,000 lbs. to bring her down.—There can be no danger of her swamping. It is very much like a bottle with a cork in it. In relation to the point, whether the Monitor is capable of taking care of the Merrimac, let me say that she would have sunk the Merrimac but for the fact of her having fired too high. If they had kept off at a distance of 200 yards, and held the gun exactly level, the shot would have gone clear through. But Mr. Stimer had the guns elevated a little, and the roof of the Merrimac is so strong that the balls rebounded. Next time they encounter the Merrimac they will leave the guns level, and they won't mind if the ball strikes the water, because the ricochet will take it where they want it. The next time they go out, I predict the third round will sink the Merrimac. There is another great point. They had 50 wrought iron shot which were not used. Capt. Dalgren issued peremptory orders that they should not be used, and they obeyed those orders. Now, wrought iron shot is one thing, and a cast iron shot is another. A wrought iron shot cannot break. The side armor of the Merrimac is insufficient to resist it. The channel is very narrow, and the Merrimac must follow it. But the Monitor can go anywhere, and take the very best position.

A Member—How often can they fire?

Mr. Ericsson—In about one minute and a half. It is often said one gun would be sufficient, but it is not so. By having two guns, you have time for one to cool. You may depend upon it that if the Merrimac comes out again she will be sunk.

Mr. Wetmore—I should like to ask of Capt. Ericsson whether he has heard that one of his shot entered the Merrimac, killed 17 men, and wounded Capt. Buchanan, who has since died?

Mr. Ericsson—I have not.

Mr. Brown—It must have been a shell.

Mr. Ericsson—That is not possible; but if a solid shot goes through the Merrimac, the armor would be carried in in a great many splinters; the shot weighing 185 lbs., there would be a regular shower of wood and iron; but it is quite well ascertained that a shell cannot pass an iron plate two inches thick. You can hardly imagine what commotion would take place from such a shot. The decks would be almost literally removed.

A Member—I would like to ask of Capt. Ericsson whether his battery could not be erected on various points in our harbor for its defence?

Mr. Ericsson—I imagine that the best kind of a harbor defence is a floating structure, that can be removed from place to place.

The Member—You can move this turret in any direction, and save all the expense of your vessel, and you require only a small steam-engine?

Mr. Ericsson—This vessel is equal to twenty forts. It can move from place to place. In this battery you have a vessel that draws only 12 feet of water. The Warrior, drawing 24 feet of water, must come in the middle of the channel, and we could move along the shore. By means of one single floating battery, you could defend the harbor better than by twenty forts. That is easily demonstrated.

CONGRESSIONAL.

In the House of Representatives, on the 12th, Mr. Ashley (Rep.), of Ohio, from the Committee on Territories, reported a bill providing temporary Provisional Governments over the districts of the country in rebellion against the United States. The President is authorized to take possession and institute such Governments with the aid of the military and naval power; Governors, &c., are to be appointed, and legislative assemblies and courts established, to continue till the people form new State Governments.

After debate, it was laid on the table by yeas 65, nays 58. The nays all Republicans, the yeas Democrats, Republicans and Union men.

The resolution on slavery suggested by the President has been passed in the House, as follows:—

Resolved, That the United States ought to co-operate with any state, which may adopt gradual abolition of slavery, giving to such state pecuniary aid to be used by such state in its discretion, to compensate for the inconveniences, public and private, produced by such change of system.

Mr. Wickliffe moved to table the resolution. Disagreed to. Yeas 34; nays 81.

The resolution was then passed. Yeas 88; nays 31, as follows:—

YEAS—Messrs. Aldrich, Arnold, Ashley, Babbitt, Baker, Baxter, Beamen, Bingham, Blair (Mo.), Blair (Va.), Blair (Pa.), Blake, Brown (Va.), Buffington, Campbell, Chamberlain, Clements, Colfax, Frederick A. Conkling, Roscoe Conkling, Conway, Covode, Cutler, Davis, Delano, Diven, Duell, Dunn, Edgerton, Edwards, Eliot, Ely, Fessenden, Fisher, Franchot, Frank, Gooch, Goodwin, Granger, Haight, Hale, Harrison, Hickman, Hooper, Horton, Hutchins, Julian, Kelley, Kellogg (Mich.), Kellogg (Ills.), Killinger, Lansing, Loomis, Lovejoy, McKnight, McPherson, Mitchell, Moorhead, Morrill (Me.), Morrill (Vt.), Nixon, Olin, Patton, Phelps (Cal), Pike, Pomeroy, Porter, Rice, (Me.), Riddle, Rollins (N. H.), Sargent, Shanks, Sheffield, Shellabarger, Sloan, Stratton, Train, Trimble, Trowbridge, Vanvalkenburgh, Verree, Wallace, Walton (Mo.), Walton, (Vt) Whaley, White (Ind.), Wilson, Windom, and Worcester.

NAYS—Messrs. Ancona, Bailey (Pa.), Biddle, Corning, Cox, Cravens, Crisfield, Crittenden, Dunlap, English, Harding, Johnson, Knapp, Law, Leary, Noble, Norton, Pendleton, Perry, Richardson, Robinson, Shiel, Steele (N. Y.), Thomas (Md.), Voorhees, Wadsworth, Ward, White (Ohio), Wickliffe, Wood, Woodruff.

The ayes are 80 Republicans, 6 "Union" men, and 2 Democrats. The noes are 23 Democrats, 8 "Union" men, and 1 Republican (Knapp.)

IRON-CLAD SHIPS.—Senator Hale presented a bill on the 13th, which passed two readings, containing important provisions in reference to the construction of iron-clad ships and batteries. The first section appropriates one million of dollars for the immediate construction of an iron-plated ram, of six thousand tons burden, on the best and most scientific model.

The second appropriates five hundred thousand for the purchase and erection of suitable machinery at the Washington Navy Yard, for forging iron-plates to be used for protecting the sides of ships-of-war.

The third section appropriates seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars to complete the Stevens battery.

The fourth section appropriates fifteen millions of dollars to construct iron clad sloops-of-war.

The entire bill is comprehensive and elaborate, and is just what the country actually needs at the present time.

THE TAX BILL.—The Committee of the Whole in the House have thus far considered some ten sections. *Every section has been amended.* It will be some time before the list of articles to be taxed is reached. The House decided, not to allow the states to collect the tax.

SIX MILLIONS FOR COAST DEFENCES.—The Military Committee of the Senate, it is believed will favorably report, a bill, placing at the disposal of the Secretary of War *six millions of dollars*, to be expended in the defence and fortification of our coasts, harbors, and rivers. This is not intended for shore defences only, but for floating batteries, &c.

THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

The Official Army Register for 1862 (a revised edition) has just been issued. Its contents are brought down to the latest dates. From the tables at the end of the pamphlet we collect the following figures:—

REGULAR ARMY.

Commissioned officers,	1,009
Non-commissioned officers, blacksmiths, wagoners, &c., &c.,	7,897
Privates,	20,367
Aggregate,	30,273

Under the act of June 17, 1850, "to increase the rank and file of the army," authorizing an increase of the number of privates to seventy-four in companies serving on the frontier, this aggregate probably will be increased to 41,247, and may be to 44,892.

VOLUNTEER ARMY.

Commissioned officers,	19,822
Non-commissioned officers, blacksmiths, wagoners, artificers, &c., &c.,	102,250
Privates,	434,080
Aggregate,	556,252
Total regular and volunteer force,	593,525

GENERALS PILLOW AND FLOYD have been suspended from their commands by Jeff. Davis, until a more satisfactory account is given of the Fort Donelson affair.

THE TAX BILL.

The Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means in the House, recently estimated the amount of revenue from the new Tax Bill, if passed, as follows:—

Ale, Beer and other Malt Liquors, 4,000,000 bbls.,	$1 000,000
Spirits, 100,000,000 galls.,	15,000,000
Licenses of all kinds,	3,000 000
Linseed Oil, Lard Oil, &c.,	600,000
Candles and Soap,	1,500,000
Petroleum and Coal Oil,	2,500,000
Leaf Tobacco, (in the loyal States and Virginia), 258,000,000 lbs.,	5,000,000
Manufactured Tobacco, Snuff and Segars, 60,000,000 lbs.,	3,000,000
Boots and Shoes,	2,800,000
Hats, Caps, Bonnets, Clocks, Fine, Shirts, Umbrellas, &c.,	2,000,000
Paper,	1,000,000
Leather,	1,000,000
Ink, &c.,	1,000,000
Coffee, Ginger, Spices, &c.,	500,000
Starch,	500,000
Salt,	225,000
Refined Sugar and Sugar made from Molasses, Confectionery, &c.,	500,000
Gas,	1,000,000
Rectified and Adulterated Spirits, Wines, Vinegar, &c.,	1,000,000
Slaughtered Cattle, Sheep and Hogs,	500,000
Auction sales,	1,000,000
Telegraph Companies,	100,000
Railroads, Ferries, Steamboats and Omnibuses,	6,000,000
Watches, Plate, Carriages, Piano Fortes, and Billiard Tables,	2,000,000
Railroad Bonds,	1,000,000
Banks and Savings Institutions,	800,000
Advertisements (estimated at $40,000,000 gross),	2,000,000
Income Duty,	5,000,000
Stamp Duty, on Express Companies, &c., (excluding Patent Medicines),	6,000 000
Patent Medicines—"stamps,"	2,500,000
Legacies and Distribution shares of the personal estate of deceased persons,	1,000,000
Salaries—say $40,000,000,	1,200,000
Manufactures not included in the above,	30,000,000
Total from Internal Revenue,	$101,925,000
From Direct Tax,	12 000,000
Revenue from Imports,	50,000,000
Aggregate total,	$163,925,000

In the course of his remarks he said that no duty is designed to be placed on literary or scientific works or newspaper publications.—On printing paper, like any other manufacture, a tax of three mills per pound is proposed, being equal to three per centum ad valorem, or less than half the amount on writing paper.

Battle at Fort Craig, New Mexico.

We have details of Canby's battle in New Mexico, with the Texans. They agree with previous reports, but show that the advantages all remained with us until the New Mexicans broke and fled from their battery at the bowie-knife charge of the Texans. Kit Carson was in the battle with his regiment. Col. Canby seems to have managed his forces very ably, and the greatest confidence is felt in his ability to drive the Texans from the territory. The battle lasted two days.

Capt. McCray's battery was defended by Captain Plimpton's company of United States infantry, and a portion of Colonel Pine's regiment of New Mexican volunteers. The Texans charged desperately and furiously with picked men, about 600 strong. They were armed with carbines, revolvers, and long seven-pound bowie-knives. After discharging their carbines at close distance, they drew their revolvers, and reached the battery in a storm of grape and canister. The New Mexicans of Pine's regiment were panic-stricken, and ingloriously fled. Captain Plimpton and the infantry stood their ground and fought nobly, till more than one-half were numbered with the dead. With his artillery cut down, his support reported killed, wounded and flying from the field, Captain McCray sat down calmly and gently on one of his guns, and with revolver in hand, refusing to fly or desert his post, he fought to the last, and gloriously died like a hero, the last man by his gun.

The Texans suffered terribly in this charge.

We have, however, also to name the loss of Lieutenants Michler and Stone, who, like Captain McCray, nobly and bravely maintained the honor of our flag to the last, and gloriously died the death of patriots. Many other officers are wounded. Our loss is about two hundred killed and wounded; that of the enemy is believed to be much greater. The greatest confidence is reposed in Colonel Canby, and, if the volunteers will do their duty, the Texans will be driven ingloriously from the country.

THE NEW ARTICLE OF WAR.—The following has passed both houses of Congress, and is now a law. It will be promulgated as an additional article of war for the government of the United States army:

ARTICLE.—All officers or persons in the military or naval service of the United States are prohibited from employing any of the forces under their respective commands for the purpose of returning fugitives from service or labor, who may have escaped from any persons to whom such service or labor is claimed to be due, and any officer who shall be found guilty, by court-martial, of violating this article shall be dismissed from the service.

Section two provides that this act shall take effect from and after its passage.

ROMANTIC.—Gossip in the London clubs tells of another romance in the peerage. How, recently, a noble lord took a fancy in a railway carriage to a pretty traveller. She was the daughter of a miller, and going to be a scullery servant in London. He prevailed upon her not to go, took lodging—all very respectfully—and asked her to reside there three weeks, at the end of which time she was, without knowing who he was, to give a yea or nay to his proposal of marriage. She was well advised, and when the noble lord called for the reply, she made a low curtsey, and said, "Yes, sir, if you please," and she became my lady.

BRIG. GEN. McDOWELL has been confirmed by the Senate as a Major-General of volunteers.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1382 head. The prices realized were from 7 to 9 cents ₱ lb. 100 Cows brought from $18 to 32 ₱ head. 2500 Sheep were sold at from $5,00 to 5,50 ₱ cwt. 830 Hogs sold at from $6@6,50 net.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, March 15, 1862.

Alabama	30 dis.	Missouri	3 to 10 dis.
Canada	par	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	1 dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	1 dis.	New Hampshire	1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia	1 dis.	New Jersey	par to 1 dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	par.
Georgia	50 dis.	New York State	1 dis.
Illinois	2 to 10 dis.	North Carolina	20 dis.
Indiana	1 to 5 dis.	Nova Scotia	10 dis.
Iowa	14 dis.	Ohio	1 dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to ½ dis.
Kentucky	1 to 50 dis.	Rhode Island	1 dis.
Louisiana	30 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	1 dis.	Tennessee	50 dis.
Maryland	1 to 2 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	1 dis.	Vermont	1 dis.
Michigan	10 dis.	Virginia	5 to 25 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	2 to 65 dis.
Mississippi	—		

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
HOSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St. N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth Street, Pittsburg.
JOHN P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEORGE N. LEWIS, 99 West 5th St., Cincinnati, O.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Illinois.
GRAY & CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Mo.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

PROMOTION FOR BRAVERY.—John Davis, the gunner's mate who covered a powder magazine with his person at Elizabeth City, risking his own life to save others, has been made gunner.

BOSTON HARBOR.—An order was unanimously adopted in the Massachusetts House of Representatives, authorizing the construction of one or two iron-clad steamers, on the Ericsson plan, for the protection of the harbor.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market for Flour continues dull and drooping; about 9000 bbls have been taken, mostly for shipment, at $5,12½@5,31½ for superfine, $5,25@5,75 for extras, the latter for choice Lancaster county; $5,62½@5,87½ for Western extra family, and $6,12½@6,25 ₱ bbl for fancy Ohio. The sales to the trade are also to a limited extent, within the above range of prices for superfine and extras, and $6,50@6,75 for fancy lots, as in quality. Rye Flour comes in slowly, and meets with a limited demand at $3,25 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is not inquired for; Penna is offered at $2,75, and Brandywine at $3 ₱ bbl without sales.

GRAIN.—There has been a moderate demand for Wheat, and the market is rather lower, with sales of some 50,000 bus, chiefly good and prime Penna Reds, in store, taken for shipment, at 122@123c, including some small lots of Southern do at 136c, afloat, and Penna White at 138@145c, as in quality. Rye is also rather lower, and 5000 bus Penna have been taken, in lots, on arrival, at 70@74c, closing at 72c for prime lots in store. Corn comes in slowly, and meets with a limited demand. About 40,000 bus Yellow sold at 52@54c for Penna, in store, and 58@55c for Jersey and Southern, afloat, closing at 54c for prime Delaware, which is a decline. Included in the above is some prime White, which brought 60c. Oats are dull and drooping, only some 15,000 bus having found buyers at 36@38c ₱ 32 lbs, closing with more sellers than buyers. Barley is better, and about 10,000 bus sold at 75@78c for State, and 97@80c for New York, chiefly of the latter.

PROVISIONS—The market for the Hog product generally is quiet, with a limited business doing in bold Meats at $13½@14 for Western and city Mess Pork, and $13@16 for Mess Beef, the latter for city packed, including about 500 bbls, mostly of the former, at these rates. Dressed Hogs are worth $5¾@5¾ the 100 lbs. Bacon moves off slowly at previous quotations, the demand is limited. Green Meats are more active, and sales to some extent are reported at 5¾@6¼c for Hams in salt and pickle, 5@5¼c for Sides, and 4¼@4¾c for Shoulders in salt. Lard is steady, with further sales of 1800 pkgs at 7¼@7¾c for irregular country packed, and 8@8¼c for prime Western, in tes and bbls, cash and time. Butter is dull, packed selling as wanted at 8@9c, and Roll at 13@14c. Cheese is unchanged, and quoted at 6¼@7c ₱ lb. Eggs are worth 16c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The market for this staple shows a further advance. The sales only reach about 200 bales, taken in small lots, at from 16 to 28c for inferior to middling and good middling quality, cash.

ASHES—The market is unsettled and lower, with a very small business doing.

BARK comes in slowly, and Quercitron is in steady demand at fully former rates, with further sales of some 80 hhds at $32½ for first No 1, and some coarse do at $32½ ₱ ton. Of Tanners' Bark we hear of no sales.

BEESWAX—There is very little offering or selling, and good yellow is steady at 32@33c ₱ lb.

COAL—Prices are unsettled and there is more inquiry for shipment. Schuylkill White Ash Lump ₱ ton $2,75@3; Prepared do $3,75@3; Red Ash do $3,90@4,10; Lehigh Lump do $3,25@3,50; Prepared do $3,25@3,50; by retail do $4,50; Schuylkill Prepared do $4,25.

COFFEE—Holders are firm in their views, but the demand continues very small; some 600 bags having found buyers at 18½@21c for Rio, 21@22c for Laguayra, and 24@25c for Java, cash and time.

COPPER is dull, and yellow metal moves off as wanted at 25c on time.

FEATHERS continue dull, with further sales of good Western at 35@36c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—The sales are moderate at $4@6 ₱ bbl for Green Apples, which are getting scarce. Dried Apples are steady at 5@6c, and Unpared Peaches at 8@9c ₱ lb, but the demand is less active.

HAY meets with a steady demand, and good Timothy is selling at 75@80c the 100 lbs.

HEMP—There is very little stock here out of the hands of the manufacturers, and very little doing in the way of sales.

ROPE are selling as wanted at 18@22c ₱ lb for Eastern and Western; the demand is limited.

IRON—The market for this staple is inactive; the sales mostly confined to small lots Anthracite at $20, $21, and $22 for the three numbers, on time. 3000 tons Glendon Forge sold at our lowest figures, usual credit. In Manufactured there is a fair business doing, at fully former rates.

LEAD—There is little or no stock here to operate in, and the market is firm but quiet at previous quotations; most of the purchases being in a neighboring market.

LUMBER—There is very little movement as yet in the market, and prices are nominally unchanged.

MOLASSES—The market is firmer and rather more active; a cargo of Cardenas sold at 23c, and 150 bbds Syrup, mostly at a price kept private.

PLASTER—There is little or none offering or selling, and Soft is quoted at $3@3½ ₱ ton, and scarce.

RICE is quiet at 7@7¼c ₱ lb for Carolina, and the stock very light. East India is offered at 6 @6¼c ₱ lb.

SEEDS—There is not much Clover seed offering and prime lots are scarce and wanted; prices range at $4,25@4,50 ₱ bus, with sales of 2000 bus, mostly at the latter rate, some in shipping order sold at 7¼c ₱ lb. Timothy is in steady demand at $2,25@2,87½, and Flaxseed at $2,10@2,15 ₱ bus, and the receipts and sales light. Of red top further sales of 800 sacks are reported at $3,25 ₱ sack.

SPIRITS—The sales of Brandy and Gin are limited, and holders very firm at previous quotations. N E Rum is selling at 36@37c. Whiskey is firm and generally held above the views of buyers, with sales of Penna bbls at 25@25½c; Ohio do 26@26½c, and Drudge at 24c.

SUGARS are more active, with sales of about 1000 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 7@8¼c, on the usual credit.

TALLOW is unchanged, and quoted at 8¾@9c for western and city rendered, and the demand moderate.

TOBACCO—The stock on sale is very much reduced, but the demand is limited at fully former rates.

WOOL—The market is quiet, and without any new feature to note.

A LAMP CHIMNEY THAT WILL NOT BREAK.—Made for the Million.

Patented July 17th, 1860.

This invention possesses many advantages over the glass chimneys now used on Coal Oil Lamps. They do not break from the heat, cleaning, or any ordinary usage. They fit all the Burners now in use. By giving them a trial, satisfaction is certain.

AMOS HORNING,
Agent for Manufacturer,
No. 321 N. Second St., Philada.

N. B.—A large and well selected stock of Coal Oil Lamps and Chandeliers; also, Kerosene and other Coal Oil, at very low prices. feb 22 6t

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 11th ultimo, by the Rev. N. S. Baldwin, Miss SARAH GIBSON, to GEORGE D. PERRY, both of this city.

On the 19th of Dec. last, by the Rev. J. B. Dales, Mr. WILLIAM MCADOO, to Miss MARGARET A. CAMPBELL, both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. Samuel Durborow, GEORGE W. NEWMAN, to MAGGIE WARD, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. J. T. Cooper, Mr. CHARLES J. GIBBENS, to Miss LETITIA LEVEROW, both of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. D. S. Miller, Mr. GEORGE W. WATERHOUSE, to Miss MARY A. MAGEE, all of Frankford, Pa.

On the 6th of March, by the Rev. J. H. Alday, Mr. THOMAS J. TOWNSEND, of West Chester, to Miss SALLIE G. KERNS, of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. W. Cattheart, Mr. MARKS FOGLE, to Miss SUSANNAH LEESE, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. J. F. Chaplain, Mr. PETER WHITEMAN, to Miss REBECCA MAYLACK, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Cincinnati, on the 13th instant, of typhoid fever, Lieut. HARRY OVERMAN, of Brig. General Mitchell's staff, son of Wm. W. Overman, of this city, in his 21st year.

On Sunday evening, 9th instant, MARY ELIZABETH, wife of John Chandler, and daughter of J. W. Goff.

March 10th, 1862, at Brookwood, his residence, near Philada., CHARLES HENRY FISHER, in his 48th year.

On Saturday, March 8th, S. RUSH MITCHELL, M. D., U. S. Navy, son of Prof. Thomas D. and Mary R. Mitchell, in his 41st year.

On the 10th instant, JOHN STEWARD, Sr. in his 74th year.

On the morning of the 9th instant, WILLIAM C. STEWART, in his 21st year.

On the 10th instant, Mrs. MARY FULTON, in her 47th year.

On the 9th instant, MARY T. GIBBONS, in her 24th year.

On the 9th instant, JOHN G. HENDLEY, in his 35th year.

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ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

A friend of mine was married to a scold,
To me he came and all his troubles told.
Says he: "She's like a woman raving mad!"
"Alas!" said I, "my friend, that's very bad."
"No, not so bad," said he; "for with her, true,
I had both house and land and money, too."
"That was well," said I.
"No, not so well," said he;
"For I and her own brother
Went to law with one another.
I was cast; the suit was lost;
And every penny went to pay the cost."
"That was bad," said I.
"No, not so bad," said he;
"For we agreed that he the house should keep,
And give to me four score of Yorkshire sheep,
All fat and fair and fine they were to be."
"Well, then," said I, "sure that was well for thee."
"No, not so well," said he;
"For when the sheep I got,
They ev'ry one died with the rot."
"That was bad," said I.
"No, not so bad," said he;
"For I had thought to scrape the fat,
And keep it in an open vat,
Then into tallow melt for winter store."
"Why, then," said I, "that's better than before."
"No, not so well," said he;
"For having got a clumsy fellow
To scrape the fat, and make the tallow,
Into the melting fat the fire catches,
And, like brimstone matches,
Burnt my house to ashes!"
"That was bad," said I.
"No, not so bad," said he;
"For what is best,
My scolding wife is gone among the rest!"

THE SOLDIER AND THE TEAMSTER.

The soldiers in Kentucky are famous for practical jokes, and are constantly on the look-out for subjects. One was recently procured in the person of a teamster, who had charge of six shabby mules. Jehu was also the proprietor of two bottles of old Bourbon—a contraband in camp—which a wag discovered and resolved to possess. Aware that the driver's presence was an impediment to the theft, he hit upon the following plan to get rid of him:

Approaching the driver, who was busily engaged in carrying his mules, he accosted him with—

"I say, old fellow, what are you doing there?"

"Can't you see?" replied Jehu, gruffly.

"Certainly," responded the wag, "but that is not your business. It is after tattoo, and there is a fellow hired by the General who carries all the mules and horses brought in after tattoo."

The mule-driver bit at once, and wanted to know where the "hair-dresser" kept himself. Whereupon he was directed to Gen. Nelson's tent, with the assurance that there was where the fellow "hung out."

"You can't mistake the man," said the wag; "he is a large fellow, and puts on a thundering sight of airs for a man in his business. He will probably refuse to do it, and tell you to go to the devil, but don't mind that, he has been drinking to-day. Make him come out, *sure*."

Jehu posted off, and entering the tent where Gen Nelson, of the 4th Division, sat in deep reverie, probably considering the most expeditious method of expelling the rebel Buckner from his native state, slapped him on the back with sufficient force to annihilate a man of ordinary size.

Springing to his feet, the General accosted his uninvited guest with:

"Well, sir, who are you, and what the devil do you want?"

"Old hoss, I've got a job for you now—six mules to be curried, and right off, too," said the captain of the mules, nothing daunted at the flashing eye of the General.

"Do you know who you are addressing, sir?" asked the indignant commander.

"Yes," said Jehu, elevating his voice to a pitch which rendered the words audible a square off, "you are the fellow hired by Uncle Sam to clean mules, and I won't have any foolishness. Clean them mules, and I'll give you a drink of busthead."

"You infernal villain!" exclaimed the General, now perfectly furious. "I am General Nelson, commander of this Division."

Jehu placed the thumb of his right hand against his nose, and extending his fingers, waved them in a manner supposed by some to be indicative of great wisdom.

The General's sword leaped from its scabbard, and Jehu rushed from the tent just in time to save his head.

The boys drank the "big mule driver's" health in Bourbon.

The story soon got out, and is now the joke of the season.

SOME PUNKINS.—There was a farmer (somewhere) who devoted his attention exclusively to growing pumpkins, by which he succeeded in bringing them to an enormous size, so that he would chop with an axe a cartload of pieces to take to the market without sensibly diminishing the size of the pumpkin. However, one day as he was cutting away at a new pumpkin, his axe slipped, and and fell through into the pumpkin; so he started off to his neighbor's and borrowed a lantern, and descended into the pumpkin; but when he got to the bottom he was surprised to find there another man, who immediately demanded of him what he had come down for. "I've come," says he, "to look for my axe, which I have lost in here."—"Well," says the other, "you may go back again instanter, for I have been here these three weeks looking for my horse, and have not yet been able to get a sight of him."

☞ "Good morning, Smith, you look sleepy." "Yes," replied Smith, "I was up all night." "Up where?" "Up stairs, in bed."

HAD BETTER ASK HIM.—The Rev. Mr. W——— was a preacher in Monticello, but the society being not of sufficient size to maintain a whole minister, he preached one Sunday in Monticello, one in Rockland, and one in another adjacent town. In going to Rockland he had to go over the turnpike, and he noticed there the frequent inquiring looks of the gate-keeper, who proved to be a Yankee in every sense of the word, but said nothing, until one day, when the keeper was making change, he turned to the minister and said—

"I thought, mister, some time when you was going this way, I would ask you what your business is, and what your name is."

"Well," replied the minister, "some time when I *am* coming this way, and you have leisure, you had better ask me."

NOT A MEDICAL STUDENT.—Thackeray's young lady, who abused a gentleman for associating with low, radical literary friends, must have had about as elevated an opinion of literature as an Irishman I lately heard of had of the medical profession, as represented by its non-commissioned officers.

My friend Bob handed his man-servant some books to return to the Franklin Library. Noticing, a few minutes afterwards, while passing through the hall, that he was busy carefully wrapping them up in a newspaper, he asked him what he was doing that for.

"Och, shure, Mr. ———, I'm afraid, if they say me carr'ing books roubnd undher me shirm, they'll be afther taking me for *a maydical shtugent!*"

A QUIET JOKE.—The celebrated John Wesley, with all his ministerial gravity, was addicted to joking once in a while. His servant, Michael Fenwick, complained that his name never was mentioned in the published Journal. Wesley, in the next number, said: "I left Epworth with great satisfaction, and about one preached at Clayworth. I think none were unmoved but Michael Fenwick, who fell fast asleep under an adjoining hayrick."

SYRIAN LEGENDS.

THE ANTS' ROCK, AND THE FISHERMAN WHO THOUGHT HE WAS WISER THAN GOD.—In riding along the beach of the western side of the Sea of Galilee, a few minutes before we arrived at Mejdel, I noticed a largish rock, perhaps five feet square, standing a couple or three feet out of the water, close to the shore. It is called Hajar-en-Nummleh, the Ants' Rock; and a peasant of Safed, who was riding with us, told me its story, as follows:

A fisherman was one day fishing here, and as he came out of the water with his nets he passed close to this stone, and when he looked at it, lo! he noticed that there were many ants running about upon it; and he said to himself, "Truly the water surrounds this stone, so that the ants cannot get on shore, and though they may sustain their lives for a time, yet in the end they must all be starved and die." And he was greatly moved with pity for the ants; wherefore he went on shore, and getting earth and stones, made a bridge from the land to the rock, that the ants might be able to go backwards and forwards. Now this he did ignorantly, and also foolishly, as the event proved; for God immediately struck him with blindness, because he ought to have considered that the placing the stone where it was, was the act of God, who cares for all His creatures, and does nothing without a wise and sufficient purpose, and that He would not have caused the ants to live on that stone without making necessary provision for them. And indeed the ants still dwell there, though the bridge which the fisherman made has long since been destroyed, and is as though it had never existed.—*George Grove.*

TO RAISE A REVENUE.

A cotemporary hopes Congress will put a tax of one dollar upon every man under sixty who carries a cane; a tax of two dollars upon ladies owning poodles; a tax of one dollar upon all gentlemen under thirty who wear eye-glasses; a tax of nine shillings upon ladies who wear three or more flounces; a tax of five dollars upon all pretty women who wear veils, and a tax of ten dollars upon all ugly women who don't, a tax of two dollars and a half upon people who go wandering round to different churches and don't pay any pew tax; a tax of twenty-five cents upon every person who reads a newspaper he don't subscribe to or purchase; a tax of one hundred dollars upon any person, male or female, who gets into an omnibus or car when it is already full, and a tax of ten cents upon every person in Boston who pulls his watch out when the alarm is striking 12 M. This would give us a big income.

A WORD TO THE BOYS.—When the Duke of Wellington was sick, the last thing he took was a little tea. On his servant's handing it to him in a saucer, and asking if he would have it, the Duke replied, "Yes, if you please." These were his last words. How much kindness and courtesy is expressed by them. He who had commanded the greatest armies in Europe, and was long accustomed to the tone of authority, did not despise or overlook the small courtesies of life. Ah, how many boys *do*. What a rude tone of command they often use to their little brothers and sisters, and some times to their mothers. They *order so*. This is ill-bred and unchristian, and shows a coarse nature and hard heart. In all your home talk, remember, "If you please." Among your playmates, don't forget, "If you please." To all who wait upon or serve you, believe that "if you please" will make you *better* served than all the cross or ordering words in the whole dictionary. Don't forget three little words, "*if you please.*"

☞ The rebels are estimated to have wasted at least $80,000 worth of shot and shell against our vessels, from their batteries on the lower Potomac, without doing one cent of damage. Certainly they ought not to be allowed to go on and ruin themselves in that manner.

SMALL BOY (to Swell who is trying his utmost to preserve his balance).—"Oh, yer wants to shake hands, do yer? I'm sure I'm very 'appy to see yer, sir."

A ROMANTIC INTRODUCTION.

On a pleasant afternoon in June, 1776, a pioneer, six-and-thirty years of age, bearing a captain's commission, and commanding a little garrison in a small stockade fort on the Watauga River, in Western North Carolina, between the Alleghany and Cumberland Mountains, was introduced to a young woman in a most marvellous manner. The records of gallantry afford no parallel. All around him was a wilderness. His little fort was in the midst of a clearing, the trees from which formed his barracks and his palisades. For days he had been expecting an attack from a band of Cherokees, with old Abraham, a noted chief, at their head, for he knew they were out upon the war-path. The sharp report of a rifle fell upon his ears, and looking in the direction of the sound he saw, emerging from the dark forest and flying in the bright sunlight of the clearing toward the fort with the speed of a roe, a tall, slender girl, closely pursued by old Abraham and his savage warriors. They cut off her approach to the gate, when she turned suddenly, leaped the palisades, and fell, almost exhausted, into the arms of the gallant captain, who had watched the chase with the most intense interest. She was the lovely Catharine Sherrill, the acknowledged beauty among the settlers of the Holston region, who had come down from the mountain districts of Virginia and North Carolina. Long years afterward she was heard to say that she would be willing to have another such race, if necessary, for the joy of another introduction like that and its happy results. She became the loving and much-loved wife of the captain, and the mother of ten children.

SMALL BIRDS.—Although the sparrows levy a small contribution on the farmer's grain, yet the far greater portion of their food is from injurious insects. At the beginning of the world man would have succumbed in the unequal struggle, if God had not given him in the bird a powerful auxiliary, a faithful ally, who wonderfully accomplishes the task which man is incapable of performing—in fact, against his enemies of the insect world man would be powerless without the bird.

BEAUTIFUL COMPARISON.—That launching was something she regarded almost with superstitious awe. The ship, built on one element, but designed to have its life in another, seemed an image of the soul, framed and fashioned with many a weary hammer-stroke in this life, but finding its true element only when it sails out into the ocean of eternity.—*Mrs. Stowe.*

☞ An old writer tells of a man who sneezed himself to death, expiring at the twenth-fourth sneeze. Something quite as extraordinary occurred at Fairhaven lately, where a lady allowed herself to sneeze while near a hog pen in which a huge porker was kept, which so frightened the hog that he gave a sudden start, breaking both fore legs, so that he had to be killed.

Agricultural.

MANAGEMENT OF HONEY BEES.

In the month of March we frequently have a few warm, sunny days, almost as mild as June. Such weather is frequently more injurious to bees than the coldest days of winter. If the hives are placed in a winter bee-house, made dark to prevent the bees from leaving their tenements, which is right, the warm atmosphere without will work its way in, and the bees will become aroused from their torpor, or state of hybernation, and will endeavor to escape from their confinement, however dark the room may be.

In such cases, the apiarian is much perplexed, and scarcely knows what to do. Mr. Quinby, of Montgomery county, who has wintered bees extensively in dark rooms, says that he has often been compelled to place large quantities of ice among his hives, in order to cool the atmosphere around them on such spells of warm weather.

If the weather were to remain mild at such times, we should at once remove the bees to their out-door stands; but in most cases, within forty-eight hours, we again have the thermometer down to zero, or near that point, or a deep snow that would be much worse for the bees if removed, than to remain imprisoned, however warm the weather might be.

The confining of the bees in their hives does not remedy the evil, as the attendant excitement and their struggles to escape are about as destructive as to allow them to leave their hives at will. In some cases, where no ventilation is afforded but at the regular passage-ways, and these places of egress and ingress being closed with perforated tin, wire cloth, etc., which would give an abundance of air, if the bees would remain between their combs, but they come down and crowd around the openings in such masses that suffocation is produced. This effect is generally produced by the bees generating a dampness, and a chill ensues, which, as night approaches, stiffens the bees, and they become an inert mass at the passages, and prevent all air from entering. In out-door situations, where bees are fastened in their hives, this fatality is much more liable to occur, on account of the more sudden and greater degree of change in the atmosphere on the approach of evening on a mild day in winter or spring. It is, therefore, never good management in winter or spring thus to confine bees, without giving extra ventilation. Raising the hives and placing thin wedges at the corners, about an eighth of an inch thick, is perfect security against suffocation as above stated.

It matters not where or how bees are wintered, the warm days of March and April are periods of great danger in our northern climate. If the bees remain out-of-doors upon their summer stands, the hives should be shaded by placing broad boards against them, which will somewhat darken the passages and keep the interior of the hives cool, and the bees will not desire to leave their hives half so much as they do when the warm rays of the sun strike directly upon them. By raising the hives slightly as above stated, and having the passage-ways closed with perforated stripe of tin, to run in small wire staples, the bees can be kept in their tenements without much excitement among them, except on very warm days, on which occasions, if the ground is free of snow, it is best to remove the front boards and allow the bees free exit.

Great care should be taken not to allow the bees to leave their hives when the ground is covered with snow, as vast numbers of them become chilled, and blinded by the dazzling, reflected light, and drop down upon it never to rise.

When bees have been confined in their hives all winter, many of them become unable to fly, caused, perhaps, by not having voided their *feces;* and if the hives be set out on a moderately cool day, the loss of bees will be much greater than if given their freedom on a warm, sunny day, with a south wind, and the ground entirely free of snow.

It is good management, if the ground be damp around the hives, to strew refuse hay or straw about them a few feet, to afford the bees a dry alighting place; and if the boards that were used to shade the hives be placed one end on the ground and the other against the floor board of the hive, many bees that are unable to fly after having left their hives, will be enabled to enter by crawling up those boards.

I have frequently found it necessary to remove the snow for a space of fifteen or twenty feet around thy apiary in the spring of the year, in order to allow the ground in the immediate vicinity of the hives to become clear, upon which I have kept a supply of straw till about the 1st of May; and by a careful use of shading boards, I have often prevented my bees from leaving their hives, without closing the passage-ways. I dislike to obstruct the passages, if I can avoid it, and keep the bees from sallying out when it is unsafe for them to do so; but one who cannot be constantly on hand to attend to his bees, had better shut them in.

ROBBING.

As soon as warm weather sets in, even but for a day or two, bees will commence robbing each other's stores. The strong families attack the weak ones; and it does not appear that the robbers are in want of honey at all, but rather have a supply to spare to those that are really famishing. It is the nature of the honey bee to rob, and they seem to exhibit a reckless daring in the ratio of the numbers of the family, and the abundance that they possess.

Weak families, with sheets of comb filled with honey that they are unable to protect, are in particular danger of being robbed. A single bee from a strong family, perhaps, will enter the hive—there being few or no bees at times to guard the entrance; it ascends the outside comb, and near the top finds it well filled with nectar, it fills its honey vesicle, and straightway departs for its home, and there discloses its grand discovery. Yes: it is a fact, that bees have a faculty of imparting information. The bee will, probably, inform a dozen others where the treasure is to be found, and this dozen, in turn, will inform as many others, till thousands have infested the robbed hive.

Let a hive be in a state of being robbed, and the bees suddenly ejected, and the hive closed, after a day of fruitless struggles to enter, the robbers will depart. Leave that hive two or three days thus closed, and then on a warm, sunny day open the passage-ways, and mark the result. Presently, a single robber will flit along, singing a peculiar war-song, and, seeing the coast clear, darts in and secures a load of honey, and returns to its home. In a few minutes several bees will flit along, stopping in front of the robbed hive, near the passage-way, still poised on the wing and singing that peculiar robber-song with which all experienced bee-keepers are familiar. One by one they enter, and the result is, that frequently in fifteen minutes I have known a previously robbed hive, after a period of being closed, to be assailed by thousands of bees, through information imparted by a single pioneer robber.

The remedy against robbery, is to contract the passage-ways of the hives, not after the damage has been commenced, but before it is effected. Examine your families as you set them out in the spring, and immediately close up the passage-ways of all weak ones, so that but one or two bees can go in and out at the same time. Some families that are moderately strong in numbers should have a half an inch of space, more or less, according to the number of bees in the hive. Keep the passage way thus closed till the apple trees blossom, after which they may be fully opened.

When a hive is discovered fully in possession of robbers, it should be closed at once, and the robbers let out at evening, when the hive should be closed again. In some cases, by removing such hives, if the bees are not wholly overpowered, or by a careful opening of the passage-ways after a day or two, the bees may be saved; but twenty years' experience has convinced me that when robbers get control of a hive of bees, it is useless to attempt to save anything but the honey remaining in it.—T. B. MINER, *in Genesee Farmer.* —*Clinton, N. Y.*

THE WIRE WORM.—At the discussion of a farmers' Club in Buffalo, Illinois, Mr. Franklin Reed said that the ravages of the wire worm could be prevented by putting half of a fresh cob in each hill. The worms would work into this, and leave the corn.

Useful Receipts.

CHEAP PAINT.—The following is said to be excellent for farm outbuildings:—Lime ½ barrel; borax 12 oz.; molasses 1 gal.; brown sugar 12 lbs.; dry zinc 6 lbs.; water and skim milk, in equal parts, to make 12 gallons.—Slack the lime in a covered keg; dissolve the borax in a gallon of warm water; dissolve the sugar in water, and mix all the ingredients together. It can be made of any tint by adding the color desired.

MAKING TEA.—Water for making tea should be used the moment it boils. The reason assigned is, that if it is boiled for some time, all the gas that is in it escapes with the steam, and it will then not make tea of the best flavor. Clear, pure, soft water is the best.

TO PREVENT INK FROM DAMAGING STEEL PENS.—Throw, either into the inkstand or the bottle in which the ink is kept, a few nails, broken bits of steel pens (not varnished) or any piece of iron not rusted. The corrosive action of the acid contained in the ink is expended on the iron introduced, and which is soon covered, by the decomposition of the sulphate of copper, with the coppery hue observable on metallic pens used with common ink. The ink will not now affect the pen; or, should it still do so, it will be necessary to add more iron, and the mischief will be entirely remedied.

CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.—A Philadelphia gentleman states that, "in a fit of despondency—I resolved to try brand bread and good sweet milk. I carried my resolution into effect, and the happy result is, that I am now perfectly well. I have regained my flesh and strength. I sleep as soundly as a rock, and feel as happy as a lark, under this new state of affairs." He takes but one cup of coffee, eats few vegetables, and eschews pastry and puddings.

A HINT TO HOUSEKEEPERS.—Every housewife who uses kerosene oil, knows that it affords the best and cheapest light of all illuminating oils. But she also knows that the constant expense and annoyance from the breakage of lamp chimneys, almost if not quite counterbalance the advantages of its use. One who has thoroughly tried the experiment of preventing chimneys from cracking with the heat of the flame, says:—Put the glass chimney in lukewarm water, heat to the boiling point, and boil one hour; after which leave it in the water till it cools. The suggestion is worth a trial.

☞ SIMILAR TASTES.—A parson, whose peculiarities of preaching were proverbial, and who was blessed with a temper of great value, was one day told by a parishioner that he did not like his sermons. "Well," said the old man, "I don't wonder at it; I don't like 'em myself!"

☞ Napoleon said: "An army of deers led by a lion, is better than an army of lions led by a deer."

The Riddler.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 54 letters.

My 48, 53, 9, 15, 39, 50, is a mount mentioned in the Bible.
My 35, 10, 16, 47, 30, 41, 22, was a martyr.
My 7, 39, 11, 43, 5, was the name of a garment worn by high priests.
My 49, 36, 31, 12, 45, 38, is a book of the Bible.
My 5, 26, 22, 1, 54, 33, was a prophet.
My 2, 51, 23, is a tree mentioned in the Bible.
My 37, 7, 17, 20, was king of Sodom.
My 3, 21, 53, 5, is a metal mentioned in the Bible.
My 40, 14, 17, 18, 53, is a precious stone mentioned in the Bible.
My 44, 4, 34, 45, 13, was a sacred writer.
My 8, 21, 29, 24, is a word in the Bible signifying know.
My 52, 28, 17, 46, 35, 26, was king of Gomorrah.
My 42, 11, 17, 36, 50, 27, signifies God in His salvation.
My 42, 12, 6, 30, 19, was a Jewish measure.
My whole is a famous Greek proverb.

Elm Grove, Va. MARK.

NATURAL-HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 1, 7, 6, is an animal first introduced into America from Europe.
My 2, 8, 9, 7, 6, 11, 7, is one of the three distinctions of the muskrat.
My 5, 10, 9, 3, 11, 4, 7, 12, 6, is a slender-billed bird of the sparrow kind.
My 12, 5, 3, is a fish whose flesh is poisonous.
My 14, 4, 12, 6, is a habitation of birds.
My whole is a hero. GAHMEW.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 7, 9, 2, prevails on the water and to a limited extent on land.
My 3, 6, 14, 12, is a short paragraph.
My 1, 10, 2, 6, is the name of a European mail steamer.
My 5, 12, 1, is a large body of water.
My 2, 15, 1, 14, is the name of an animal.
My 10, 4, 13, 14, is sometimes difficult for some to meet.
My 7, 11, 6, 8, 14, is seen in cold weather.
My whole is the name of a novel by a celebrated author. A. L. MESEROE.

Bartlett, N. H.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

On my first we often wait
With anxious minds and beating hearts;
Often we receive it whole,
Sometimes it comes only in parts;
In parts or whole, howe'er 'tis had,
Its power is great for good or bad.

Infants learn my second soon
As they can lisp their father's name;
And children of riper years
Are often heard speaking the same.
It is a name that's dear to all,
And has been since we were quite small.

Merchants speak frequently my third—
Look o'er their books and there you'll find
It oftener than any word
Recorded there, and bear in mind,
If you search the reports, each week,
Of markets, you'll find what you seek.

Of my whole I need but say
That often it my first conveys;
It is quite a useful thing—
Useful in an hundred ways;—
'Tis now before you neatly dressed—
I'll tell no more—try guess the rest.

Tonica, Ill. CLINTON PARKINSON.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in cake, but not in pie,
My 2nd is in lid, but not in eye,
My 3d is in save, but not in keep,
My 4th is in pile, but not in heap,
My 5th is in lake, but not in bay,
My 6th is in straw, but not in hay,
My 7th is in rain, but not in snow,
My 8th is in arrow, but not in bow;
My whole by many has been seen,
And guess it, reader, if you're not green.

Newport, R. I. CHAS. COTTRELL.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is found that two-fifths of A's plus four-ninths of B's fortune equals $5,400; and that three-fourths of A's fortune equals one and two-fifths times three-sevenths of B's plus $34. What is the fortune of each? S.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Given, the diameter of the base of a right cone, 10, and the slant height 13. Required, at what distance from the vertex (measured on the slant side) must two planes meet, one cutting the cone parallel to the base, and the other parallel to the slant side, so that the areas of the sections made by those planes shall be equal?

Martinsville. DAVID ANDERSON.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What two consecutive letters of the alphabet do invalids long for? Ans.—Q R (cure.)

☞ Why are smokers the only class of persons that derive benefit from those advertisements that promise the speedy realization of large incomes? Ans.—Because they are mere shams (meerschaums.)

☞ Why is an accepted suitor like a person guilty of a crime? Ans.—He ought to be transported.

☞ Why are blacksmiths confirmed sinners? Ans.—Because they have hardened vices.

☞ What town in England, by taking therefrom a portion of a gun, is reduced to wine? Ans.—Stockport.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

ASTRONOMICAL ENIGMA—Precession of the Equinoxes. COUNTY ENIGMA—"Deem every day of your life a leaf in your history." CHARADE—Coat. RIDDLE—The post. DOUBLE REBUS——Post. (Penobscot, Orleans, San Patricio, Troupe.)